SPIDER-MAN
NOIR
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THE COMPLETE COLLECTION
MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN

NOIR

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: THE COMPLETE COLLECTION

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #1-4

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SPIDER-MAN NOIR #1

NEW YORK CITY. JANUARY, 1933
THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE.
The DAILY BUGLE
WHERE'S JAMESON'S OFFICE?
IS THERE A PROBLEM, OFFICERS?
J. Jonah Jameson EDITOR in CHIEF
SOMEONE CLAIMING TO BE J. JONAH JAMESON CALLED THE PRECINCT.
HE SAID HE'D BEEN SHOT.
WHAT?! BUT THAT'S RIDIC--
J. Jonah Jameson EDITOR in CHIEF
GET AWAY FROM THE DOOR, MISS--
NOW!
NOBODY MOVE!!

J. Jonah Jameson

IT'S HIM!!
IT'S THE SPIDER-MAN!!
HE'S SHOT JAMESON!!!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLERS! THIS IS NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
DROP THE GUN!
WATCH OUT FOR HIS HAND! I HEARD THIS GUY CAN--
THWIP
--AKKK!
BLAM
STOP RIGHT THERE, YA FREAK!

BLAM
BLAM
DID YOU GET HIM?
DUNNO... I THINK MAYBE I CLIPPED HIM.
LOOKS LIKE JAMESON WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT SCREWBALL.
YEAH. I BET THAT MADE HIS DAY.

Three weeks ago... is that all it was? Winter was setting in hard. Down below Riverside Drive, squatters had put up a shantytown along the Hudson from 72nd Street to 110th.
"Get me pictures, Urich," JJJ told me. "We're going to show the public what's really happening out there."
"I want broken men and hopeless women. I want snot-nosed kids in rags. I want to see the hunger in their eyes. I want pictures that'll make 'em **weep!**"
YOU FROM THE PAPERS, PAL? WHAT RAG YOU REPRESENTING?
THE BUGLE.
YOU MIND IF I TAKE YOUR PICTURE?
SURE, THE BUGLE'S A GOOD PAPER. I'VE GOT THE FRONT PAGES RIGHT HERE...
...SPORTS PAGES IN MY SHOES...
...AND I SAVE THE FINANCIAL SECTION TO WIPE MY KEISTER!
WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?
THAT'S MAY PARKER ROUSING THE COMRADES.
"LET THE RULING CLASSES TREMBLE...THE PROLETARIANS HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT THEIR CHAINS..."
P-TOOO

May Parker. I'd heard of her, but this was the first time I'd seen her in the flesh.
She was quite a woman.
THREE YEARS AGO, HOOVER WAS TELLING YOU YOUR JOBS WERE SECURE FOR LIFE. SINCE THEN, MORE THAN THIRTEEN MILLION OF YOU ARE OUT OF WORK!
WE'VE SEEN THE ARMY ON THE STREETS, USING TANKS AND TEAR GAS AGAINST CITIZENS WHOSE ONLY CRIME IS THEIR POVERTY!
NOW WE'VE GOT MISTER FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WAITING TO STEP INTO HOOVER'S SHOES. BUT YOU THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE ANY REAL CHANGE?
REPUBLICANS, DEMOCRATS. THE ONLY THING THEY'RE DEBATING IS THE MOST EFFICIENT WAY TO TURN YOUR SWEAT AND BLOOD INTO A PROFIT.
GET DOWN OFF YOUR SOAPBOX, GRANDMA!
The Enforcers. Ox, Fancy Dan, and Montana.
The Goblin's muscle.
YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY WE DO THINGS IN AMERICA, YOU SHOULD GET ON A BOAT AND GO JOIN YOUR COMRADES IN RUSSIA.
YOUNG MAN, THE LAST TIME I LOOKED, THE CONSTITUTION OF THIS COUNTRY PROTECTED MY RIGHT TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH.
PULL HER DOWN OFF THERE, OX.
YOU LAY ONE FINGER ON MY AUNT AND I'LL--
IT'S PAST YOUR BEDTIME, KID.
--WHOOOF!

LOOKIT THAT! CAN'T HARDLY KEEP HIS EYES OPEN.
LEAVE THAT BOY!
WHOA THERE, DOGGIE!
AHHH!
TAKE A NAP, SONNY.
WHACK
GET THIS THING OFF ME!
YOU JUST HOLD YOUR WATER, GRANDMA.
SAY CHEESE, FELLAS.
WHADDAYA KNOW? BEN URICH, POKING HIS SNOUT IN THE MUCK AS USUAL.
DO YOU BOYS WANT TO SEE YOUR MUGS ALL OVER THE BUGLE TOMORROW?
OR ARE YOU GOING TO BACK OFF AND LET THESE PEOPLE GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS?

HOW ABOUT IF I SMASH YOUR DAMNED CAMERA?
AND THEN HOW ABOUT I BREAK YOUR FINGERS, ONE AT A TIME? HOW YA GONNA WRITE THIS UP THEN, SMART GUY?
BACK OFF, OX. YOU KNOW HE'S OFF-LIMITS.
CAREFUL, URICH. YOU'RE PUSHING YOUR LUCK.
PETER...?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?
IT--IT'S OKAY. I'M FINE.
THANK YOU. THAT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU, MISTER...
URICH. YOU'RE WELCOME, MA'AM.
LOOK, I HAVE MY CAR DOWN THE WAY THERE.
CAN I GIVE YOU TWO A RIDE HOME?
WHEN WE GONNA GIVE THAT SAP WHAT'S COMIN' T'HIM?
SOON ENOUGH, OX...
...SOON ENOUGH.
SNIKT!

BOWERY WELFARE CENTER
HOT MEALS DAILY: 8 am 2 pm 8 pm
SO THIS IS THE HOTBED OF REVOLUTION.
WE ARE WHAT WE SAY. A WELFARE CENTER. WE GIVE THE HOMELESS A HOT MEAL AND A PLACE TO COME IN OUT OF THE COLD.
SEEMS THAT'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH SOCIALISM FOR SOME PEOPLE.
SEE THOSE SCREENS? WE PUT THEM UP AFTER MY UNCLE WAS KILLED BY THE GOBLIN'S MOB.
HOT MEALS DAILY:
HEARD ABOUT THAT. I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
PETER, WE DON'T *KNOW* THAT IT WAS THE GOBLIN'S PEOPLE THAT KILLED YOUR UNCLE BEN.
I KNOW IT.
I'M GOING TO TURN IN. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY.
THANK YOU AGAIN, MISTER URICH.
I'LL BE UP IN A WHILE. GET SOME REST, AUNT MAY.
DAMN IT! WHY DO THOSE GANGSTERS COME AFTER US? IT'S THE *SYSTEM* WE'RE ATTACKING. THE BANKS, BUSINESSES, POLITICIANS.
I should have gotten in my car and driven away, but something about the kid...the sheer stubborn, righteous anger of him...
ARE YOU ALLOWED OUT AFTER MIDNIGHT?

Maybe I wanted to test him, to show him the brutal reality of the world and watch that light in his eyes die away.
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT A PROHIBITIONIST, PETER. YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER THE HOTTEST SPEAKEASY IN TOWN.
WELCOME TO THE BLACK CAT.
BEN URICH! WHO'S THIS?
DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN UP BABYSITTING.
THIS IS PETER PARKER. IGNORE THE BRUISES. HE GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT WITH AN OX.
PETER, MEET FELICIA HARDY, OWNER OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT AND THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER ASKED TO MARRY ME.
SHE TURNED ME DOWN. GOD KNOWS WHY.
SONYA, EVICT WHOEVER IS SQUATTING MISTER URICH'S TABLE AND GET THEM A DRINK ON THE HOUSE.
WHISKEY, IF YOU PLEASE, SONYA.
DOUBLE, ON THE ROCKS. AND A SODA FOR THE KID.
MAKE THAT A WHISKEY.
ARE YOU OLD ENOUGH TO BE DRINKING?
TELL YOU WHAT.
I'LL SHOW YOU MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE AND YOU SHOW ME YOUR LIQUOR LICENSE.
KID'S GOT A MOUTH ON HIM.
HE GETS IT FROM HIS AUNT.

HOW COME THE GOBLIN'S THUGS BACKED OFF FROM YOU, DOWN THERE AT THE CAMP?
THEY SAID YOU WERE OFF-LIMITS.
THE POWER OF THE PRESS, I GUESS.
SO. WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?
I LIKE YOU, PETER. AND I LIKE YOUR AUNT MAY. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU GETTING HURT AND THE WAY YOU'RE GOING--
YOU THINK SHE SHOULD KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT?
SHE *BELIEVES* IN SOMETHING. *I* BELIEVE--
--SURE. YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE'S GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS. RIGHT AND WRONG.
YOU BELIEVE THAT IF WE ALL BECOME GOOD LITTLE SOCIALISTS AND WORK FOR THE GREATER GOOD, EVERYTHING WILL BE SUNSHINE AND ROSES.
THAT'S ABOUT IT.
WELL, THAT'S A HELLUVA DREAM.
TAKE A LOOK AROUND HERE, PETER.
BECAUSE *THIS* IS THE REALITY.

"SEE THE BIG GUY WRESTLING WITH THE BRUNETTE?"
"OH MY GOD! THAT'S JIMMY STRYDER! THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK IS *HERE?!*"
"RIGHT. AND THE DAME WITH HIM IS *NOT* HIS WIFE."
"TO HIS LEFT, CHIEF DETECTIVE RIAN FROM THE VICE SQUAD.
"THE CREEP HE'S SCHMOOZING IS EMILIO ALCUNO. HE RUNS HALF THE BROTHELS IN NEW YORK.
"AND THEN WE HAVE ADOLFUS CRANE, INDUSTRIALIST. YOUR UNCLE BEN HELPED ORGANIZE DEMONSTRATIONS THAT CLOSED DOWN THREE OF HIS SWEATSHOPS LAST YEAR.
"AND MAKING HIS BIG ENTRANCE, NORMAN OSBORN...
"...THE GOBLIN.
"YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHY THE GOBLIN WAS COMING AFTER YOU.
"THE GOBLIN DOESN'T PERSONALLY GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU OR YOUR AUNT, OR ANYONE ELSE.
"HE'S FREELANCE. HE WORKS FOR THE HIGHEST BIDDER. THEY USE HIM BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD TO HAVE THE POLICE SUPPRESSING FREEDOM OF SPEECH."
ARE YOU SAYING *THE MAYOR* HIRED THE GOBLIN TO KILL UNCLE BEN?!
ALCUNO PROBABLY DID THE DEAL. CRANE WOULD HAVE PUT UP THE FEE. RIAN MADE SURE THE COPS WERE LOOKING THE OTHER WAY, AND THE MAYOR... HE JUST SITS BACK AND TAKES A PERCENTAGE.
IT'S A TANGLED WEB, PETER.

THIS GUY, OSBORN, HOW COME THEY CALL HIM THE GOBLIN?
NO ONE KNOWS. HE'S A MAN OF MANY MYSTERIES.
LIKE WHY HE CHOSE TO TRAWL THROUGH EVERY BROKEN-DOWN CIRCUS AND CARNIVAL FREAK SHOW TO PUT HIS GANG TOGETHER.
"THE ENFORCERS WERE ALL CARNIES. KRAVEN WAS AN ANIMAL TRAINER.
"THE VULTURE WAS A GEEK. BEFORE THE GOBLIN FOUND HIM, HE WAS LIVING IN A CAGE, BITING THE HEADS OFF CHICKENS.
"YOU DON'T EVER, EVER WANT TO CROSS THE VULTURE.
WELL NOW, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.

GOOD EVENING, URICH.
AND PARKER, ISN'T IT?
YOUR UNCLE WAS BEN PARKER. THE *AGITATOR*.
MY COMMISERATIONS. AN UNFORTUNATE DEATH. I BELIEVE HE WAS TORN APART BY...WHAT WAS IT NOW?
WILD DOGS?
MY UNCLE WAS MURDERED BY LOWLIFE *SCUM*.
--AND YOU AREN'T FIT TO SAY HIS NAME!
PETER! DON'T--
HAAA...
NOT HERE, TOOMES.
TEACH YOUR YOUNG FRIEND SOME MANNERS, URICH.
HE *IS* YOUR FRIEND?
OH, YES.
HE'S MY FRIEND.
COME ON, PETER. I THINK WE'VE OVERSTAYED OUR WELCOME.

YOU KNOW MY RULES, BEN. YOU DON'T BRING YOUR SQUABBLES INTO THE BLACK CAT.
THUD
SORRY, FELICIA. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
TELL THE KID HE CAN COME BACK WHEN HE'S GROWN UP.
WHAT YOU DID IN THERE...
...THAT WAS THE STUPIDEST SINGLE THING I HAVE EVER WITNESSED.
YEAH, BUT DID YOU SEE HIS FACE WHEN THE WHISKEY HIT THE MOHAIR?
DAMN IT! DO YOU REALIZE THAT--
WHAT?
"That the only thing keeping you alive, from this moment on, is me."
NOTHING.
COME ON. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.
I GOT THE MESSAGE IN THERE, MR. URICH. YOU THINK WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM... THAT WE CAN NEVER WIN.
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO CLOSE MY EYES OR RUN AWAY FROM IT.
YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING?
YOU REALLY WANT TO DO SOMETHING?

THE OFFICE OF J. JONAH JAMESON.
PARKER!
SIT!
URICH TELLS ME YOU'RE A GOOD KID.
TELLS ME YOU'RE AN ORPHAN. LOST YOUR UNCLE TOO. BEN PARKER.
A FINE MAN, I HEAR. A LITTLE RED AROUND THE GILLS FOR MY LIKING, BUT STILL...
SO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE FOURTH ESTATE?
NO, I WANT TO STUDY--
--SCIENCE! RIGHT. BUT YOU CANT AFFORD THE COLLEGE FEES. SO YOU'LL MAKE DO WITH A JOB HERE IN THE MEANTIME.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD FEEL HONORED.
NO SIR, I--
DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A MARRIED COUPLE LIVING IN A CAVE IN CENTRAL PARK BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO?
THERE'S CHILDREN STARVING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RICHEST NATION THAT HAS EVER EXISTED IN THE HISTORY OF THIS PLANET!

THERE'S A MILLION SOB STORIES OUT THERE, PARKER. NONE OF THEM ARE SPECIAL UNTIL WE MAKE THEM SPECIAL.
URICH HAS A UNIQUE TALENT. HE KNOWS HOW TO PUT WORDS AND PICTURES TOGETHER.
A PICTURE, MY BOY, CAN BE WORTH TEN THOUSAND WORDS. AND I'M SPEAKING AS A MAN WHO HAS BUILT A CAREER ON WORDS.
I CAN GIVE THEM THE FACTS AND FIGURES BUT IT'S BEN'S PICTURES THAT GET THEM RIGHT HERE.
I'LL TELL OUR READERS WHAT TO THINK ABOUT THIS UNHOLY BLOODY MESS OUR CITY IS IN.
YOU GO OUT AND GET THE PICTURES.
MAKE 'EM WEEP, KID.
MAKE 'EM WEEP!
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK.
DID HE GIVE YOU THE "MAKE 'EM WEEP" SPEECH?
UH-HUH.
EDITOR IN CHIEF
LISTEN, MISTER URICH, I REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT--
DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE TAKING THE PICTURES. YOU'LL BE TOTING MY GEAR, SETTING UP LIGHTS, FETCHING COFFEE.
YOU'RE NOT A PHOTOGRAPHER YET, PETER.

I watched Peter as we went looking for the broken heart of the city. The anger I had already seen in him burned fiercer with every injustice he witnessed.
I saw myself in him, the way I was when I still had the idealism and the arrogance of youth.
When I still believed I could change the world.
One night we had a tip-off from a cop. A suicide. The poor sap owed money to The Goblin. They threatened his family if he didn't pay up, so he took the only way out. He told his wife in his farewell letter that if he was dead they'd leave her alone.
He had that wrong. His wife will inherit the debt.
The Goblin **always** collects.

Peter opened up to me after that. **Really** opened up.
DID YOU SEE THAT GUY'S WIFE? SHE KNEW WHO WAS TO BLAME.
EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT THE GOBLIN IS DOING, BUT EVERYONE'S TOO SCARED TO SPEAK. NO ONE SEES ANYTHING. NO ONE HEARS ANYTHING.
ONE DAY SOMEONE HAS TO TALK. THAT'S ALL IT WILL TAKE.
JUST ONE OR TWO PEOPLE WITH THE GUTS TO TELL THE TRUTH AND HE'LL BE *FINISHED*.
Then he told me about the night his Uncle Ben was killed.
THERE WERE ROPE MARKS. THEY TIED HIM SO HE COULDN'T FIGHT BACK WHEN THEY BEAT HIM.
THEN, WHILE HE WAS STILL ALIVE, THEY SET WILD DOGS ON HIM. THEY TORE HIM APART...
It was old news to me. I know how he died.
What I didn't know was that it was Peter who found his uncle's mutilated body.

I thought I'd had it bad, but I never went through half the pain and loss that's been thrown into that kid's life.
The truth is, Peter has every reason to become bitter and twisted and cynical.
Every reason to give in and let the corruption eat his soul.
The truth is, some of us are strong...
...and some of us are so terribly weak.
Peter was wrong about one thing...

It wasn't dogs that tore Ben Parker to pieces.
It wasn't dogs.
All those years in the freak show, being treated like an animal, something happened to Adrian Toomes. Somewhere along the line, the last of his humanity finally slipped away.
Sometime, somehow, he developed the taste for human meat...
And how do I know this? How do I know that Ben Parker's living body was cannibalized?

Because…God help me…I was there…

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #2

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER, 1932
Peter Parker worked the streets as my assistant for the next two weeks. The kid had endless energy.
Every night we were out there taking pictures for the Daily Bugle, capturing the madness and the tragedy of this godforsaken city.
His passion for truth and justice began to get through to me. It reached the point where I was seeing it all through Peter's eyes, and for a while I almost forgot that I'm a jaded old hack.
I actually found myself feeling anger...although, when I put it into words, it sounded more like cynicism...

"HERE'S HOW IT WORKS, PETER. PEOPLE DON'T HAVE JOBS, THEY DON'T HAVE MONEY FOR RENT, SO THE RENTS ARE LOWERED AND THE SLUMLORDS PACK IN MORE TENANTS TO MAKE UP THE SHORTFALL.
"BUT THINGS KEEP ON GETTING TOUGHER. EVERY MONTH, THERE ARE MORE RENT ARREARS. THE LANDLORD BUSINESS IS FAILING BUT THEY CAN'T SELL UP, BECAUSE WHO WANTS A BUILDING CRAMMED TO THE RAFTERS WITH THE DREGS OF HUMANITY?
"ON THE OTHER HAND, IF THE LOUSE TRAP SHOULD HAPPEN TO BURN DOWN, THE LANDLORD WALKS AWAY WITH A BIG FAT PAYCHECK FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY. PROBLEM SOLVED."
"SO THE BUILDING WAS TORCHED? BUT A LITTLE GIRL DIED--THAT'S MURDER!"
"WITH THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO WERE PACKED IN THERE, IT'S A MIRACLE IT WAS ONLY ONE."

YOU'RE NOT EVEN SHOCKED, URICH!
PETER, I'M TOO TIRED. YOU CAN'T SPEND YOUR LIFE BEING DISGUSTED AND OUTRAGED.
YOU'LL GO CRAZY.
WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU IS A THEORY. IT'S PROBABLY TRUE, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT AND YOU CAN'T EITHER.
WAIT-- WAIT--LOOK HERE, IN THE CROWD.
THAT'S FANCY DAN. THE GOBLIN'S PEOPLE DID THIS.
MAYBE. OR MAYBE HE WAS JUST PASSING BY.
Peter is so full of rage. Sooner or later, I'm afraid he's going to do something irrevocable.
WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS TO THE COPS! THEY MUST BE INVESTIGATING THE FIRE.
THERE'S NO POINT. I TOLD YOU, EVERYONE TAKES THEIR CUT-- COPS, INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS--
EVERYONE.
THERE HAS BE SOMEONE WHO WILL DO SOMETHING.
THE CORRUPTION GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP. THERE'S NO ONE TO GO TO.
NO ONE WITH ANY POWER.

MY UNCLE BEN WAS A PILOT IN THE GREAT WAR, DID YOU KNOW THAT?
Then he said that name again. Every time I hear it, it's like a gut-punch. It takes my damned breath away.
HE SAID THERE WAS NO REASON TO BE FIGHTING. NO GREAT CAUSE. IT WAS A WAR FOR MARKETS. THE OLD COLONIAL EMPIRES CARVING UP THE WORLD.
AND THEY SENT BOYS OUT TO DIE BY THE MILLIONS, TO SAFE-GUARD THEIR PROFITS.
YOU'VE LOST ME--I DON'T SEE WHAT THE WAR--
HE SAID IF THOSE IN POWER CAN'T BE TRUSTED, IT'S THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PEOPLE TO REMOVE THEM.
I should have bitten my tongue. Peter worships the memory of his uncle and all I could do was mock his words.
THAT'S A NICE SPEECH, BUT WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE REVOLUTION, MAYBE YOU COULD GET THESE PICTURES OVER TO THE BUGLE.
YEAH, RIGHT, THE PUBLIC MUST HAVE ITS DAILY DOSE OF MISERY.
...everyone takes their cut.

BEN, WE MADE THE LATE EDITION.
BEN?
BRRRING
HELLO?
SPIDER, THAT YOU? IT'S THE FLY. I GOT A HOT ONE FOR YOU.
THE SPIDER?
UH... YEAH. GO AHEAD.
OKAY, GET THIS...
THE ACTION'S GOING OFF AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE A.M.-- THE ROONEY IMPORTS WARE-HOUSE ON PIER 57.
GOBLIN'S GOONS ARE PICKING UP A SHIPMENT OF ANTIQUES THAT WENT ASTRAY ON ITS WAY TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.
THE USUAL TERMS. 40 CLAMS IF YOU USE IT OR NOT.
I GOTTA BLOW.
THE SPIDER?
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, BEN?
DAILY BUGLE
Pier 57 1AM

WHAT THE HELL DOES THE GOBLIN WANT WITH ALL THIS JUNK?
IT'S FOR HIS PERSONAL COLLECTION, MONTANA. YOU KNOW HE'S GOT A THING FOR VOODOO, JUJU, MOJO...ALL THAT WEIRD STUFF...
IT SAID IN THE BUGLE, THE TRIBE THAT MADE THESE STATUES PUT A CURSE ON THEM...
...ANYONE TOUCHES THEM, THEY DIE.
OH YEAH? LIKE THAT CURSE ON KING TUT?
THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU'RE SQUEALING LIKE A PAIR OF *CASTRATI*. GET THESE STATUES LOADED.
CASTRATI?!
WHO DOES THAT RUSSKIE THINK HE IS?
SOAK HIM IN ENOUGH VODKA AND HE'LL TELL YOU HE'S FIFTH IN LINE TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.
HEY, OX! WATCH IT, I CAN'T--
OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
YAAH!
CRAASSH

LOOK AT THAT!
WHAT IS THAT?!
ARE THOSE SPIDERS?!!
NO! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
THEY'RE BITING!!
GET 'EM OFF'A ME!
OH JEEZ! I AIN'T TOUCHIN' THOSE THINGS!
YAAAAAAAHH
AAAHH

HOSE HIM DOWN! GET THOSE CRITTERS OFF HIM!
HE'S DEAD! THOSE DAMNED SPIDERS KILLED HIM!
OH MY GOD!
DON'T SCREAM... DON'T SCREAM...
KRRCH
NNGGG
WHY DO YOU TREMBLE, LITTLE MAN?
MY BITE BRINGS DEATH ONLY TO THOSE OF EVIL INTENT...
...I WILL BESTOW ON YOU A GREATER TORMENT...
...THE CURSE OF POWER...

WHAT HAPPENED?
OH MY GOD...
YAAAAAAHH!!!

UHNNN...
I'LL BE DAMNED.

It isn't hard to find the Goblin. Osborn Enterprises operates openly from a penthouse office suite in downtown Manhattan.
The arrogant piece of garbage thinks he's untouchable.
HE'LL SEE YOU. FIVE MINUTES.
NEXT TIME, MAKE AN APPOINTMENT.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, URICH? I PAY YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY HAIR, NOT TO SHOW UP HERE, LOOKING LIKE A HOBO.
YOU'RE BAD FOR MY IMAGE.
THERE WAS A FIRE DOWNTOWN YESTERDAY. MAYBE YOU HEARD.
THESE PEOPLE, THE WAY THEY LIVE, WHAT CAN YOU DO?
SOME DRUNK DROPS A CIGARETTE...
I GOT A REAL CLEAR SHOT OF FANCY DAN AT THE SCENE...
FANCY DAN NO LONGER WORKS FOR ME.

YOU KNOW, YOU REALLY WILL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT IF YOU *INSIST* ON BLACKMAILING ME.
I'VE GOT *PLENTY* ON YOU, OSBORN. I'VE GOT ENOUGH DIRT TO BURY YOUR ENTIRE *FREAK SHOW.*
SSSSSSSS
THIS IS TRUE, AND I'M A PRAGMATIST, URICH, LIKE YOU.
I'LL BUY YOUR SNAPSHOT THIS TIME.
I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR *NEEDS,* BUT YOU SHOULD TAKE CARE NOT TO PUSH ME TOO FAR.
HERE, FIFTY SKINS SHOULD KEEP YOU SNOWED UP FOR CHRISTMAS.
NOW SCRAM, YA LOUSY JABBER!
KKRRAASSH

OOF!
AWK!
I'M HERE TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE, GOBLIN.
IT ALL STOPS. THE EXTORTION, THE DRUGS, THE PROSTITUTION, THE PROTECTION RACKETS, ALL OF IT...
SHOOT HIM, MONTANA.
...IT STOPS.
OR WHAT?
YOU BEAT ME UP? *ARREST* ME?
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL STOP ME IS TO KILL ME.
ARE YOU READY TO DO THAT?
I--
URICH...

URICH!
HOW COULD YOU? HOW COULD YOU BE DOING THIS? YOU TAKE HIS FILTHY MONEY!
YOU'RE A DRUNK AND A JUNKIE AND HE'S BOUGHT YOU!
HE BOUGHT YOU LIKE A DOG!
P-PETER?
PETER, WAIT, LET ME--
STAY AWAY FROM ME, URICH.
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR LYING FACE AGAIN.

THERE HE IS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
JEEZ! LOOK AT HIM MOVE!
YOU STILL HERE, URICH?
I TELL YOU WHAT. USE YOUR CONNECTIONS. FIND OUT WHO THAT LUNATIC IN THE MASK IS, AND YOU'LL EARN YOURSELF A NICE, FAT BONUS.

I DON'T WORK FOR YOU, OSBORN...
...AND I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY ANYMORE.
I'M FINISHED WITH YOU.
NOW THAT SOUNDS LIKE A MAN WITH NOTHING TO LOSE...
...AND A MAN WITH NOTHING TO LOSE IS A VERY DANGEROUS THING.
YOU WANT ME TO POP HIM?
NOT YET. I NEED THOSE FILES HE'S BEEN KEEPING ON ME.
YOU HEARD HIM. HE'S GONNA SPILL EVERYTHING.
DOUBTLESS. BUT WHEN HE DOES, HE'S GOING TO FIND THAT THE GOBLIN IS ALWAYS TWO STEPS AHEAD.

I used to know who I was.
BETTY? BEN URICH. PUT ME THROUGH TO JJJ, WILL YOU?
Benjamin Urich. Photograper and journalist.
URICH, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?
IT'S THE BIG ONE, JONAH. THIS IS PULITZER MATERIAL. IT'S GOING TO BLOW THIS TOWN APART.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR GAMES, URICH. WHAT'S THE STORY?
I went looking for the truth and the truth turned out to be...complicated.
THE GOBLIN.
I'M GIVING YOU THE GOBLIN.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
DEAD SERIOUS. I HAVE IT ALL RIGHT HERE. NAMES, DATES, PHOTOGRAPHS. I CAN PUT HIM IN THE FRAME FOR A DOZEN MURDERS AND TIE HIM TO HALF THE RACKETS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
The truth was tainted.
WHERE ARE YOU?
MY APARTMENT. I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE YOU'LL BE THERE WHEN I BRING THIS IN.
IF YOU'VE REALLY GOT WHAT YOU SAY, I DON'T WANT YOU ON THE STREET WITH IT.
JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE. I'M ON MY WAY OVER.
And it corrupted everything it touched.
GONNA MAKE 'EM WEEP, JONAH.

Tonight I'm doing the right thing.
Tonight I'm burying the spider.
KNOCK KNOCK
17
I know who I am.
I'm Ben Urich...
17
...and I'm taking back my life.
BLAM BLAM
THEY PINNED MEDALS ON UNCLE BEN FOR HIS SERVICE IN THE GREAT WAR, BUT HE NEVER FELT LIKE A HERO.
HE HID HIS UNIFORM AWAY AS IF HE WAS ASHAMED OF IT.
THIS TIME, THE CAUSE IS JUST. THIS WAR HAS TO BE FOUGHT.
I'M DOING IT FOR YOU, UNCLE BEN.
I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PROUD.

IT'S DONE.
THE SPIDER IS DEAD.
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, GOBLIN.
HERE COMES THE SPIDER-MAN!

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #3

OKAY.
I DO NOT BELIEVE IN MAGIC.
I WAS BITTEN BY A SPIDER.
I DREAMED SOME KIND OF MYTHICAL SPIDER GOD GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN POWERS.
I BELIEVE IN SCIENCE.
NOW I CAN SHOOT LIQUID SILK OUT OF MY WRISTS AND...
THERE HAS TO BE A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR THIS.
HAS TO BE.
WHATEVER THIS IS, I'M GOING TO USE IT. I'M GOING TO BRING THE GOBLIN DOWN.
YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME, BEN URICH, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT.
I CAN'T DO THIS BY MYSELF.
BEN, I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE.
WE HAVE TO TALK.

BEN!
NO!
NOT AGAIN.
PLEASE GOD,
NOT AGAIN!

SO THE KID, PARKER, HE FINDS THE DOOR OPEN, HIS PAL URICH IS DEAD. THE PLACE HAS BEEN RANSACKED.
HOW ARE WE GOING WITH THIS? CAN WE PIN IT ON THE KID?
NAH, HE CALLED IT IN. THE D.A. WON'T BUY IT.
LOOKS LIKE AN *UNSOLVED* TO ME.
URICH HAD A MONKEY ON HIS BACK. COCAINE, HEROIN.
MAYBE HE GYPPED HIS DEALER.
MAYBE HE GAVE THE WRONG PERSON A BAD WRITE-UP IN THE BUGLE.
WHO'S GONNA *CARE?*
ALL RIGHT...AH... PETER. WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU GO HOME NOW.
IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING...ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD A REASON...
GOBLIN.
I DON'T CARE WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER.
THE GOBLIN IS BEHIND--
--THIS?!
YOU COME TO ME WITH *THIS?*

THEY DIDN'T CALL URICH THE SPIDER FOR NOTHING.
HE'S BEEN COLLECTING THE DOPE ON ME FOR YEARS, AND THIS IS ALL YOU CAN FIND?
THIS IS CONFETTI!
THIS IS TOILET PAPER!
SO HELP ME, THAT'S ALL HE HAD.
I TURNED OVER THE WHOLE DAMNED APARTMENT. I TORE THE PLACE--
--IF YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME...
I SWEAR, MISTER OSBORN...
GET YOUR SORRY CARCASS OUT OF HERE!
YOU HAVE AN EDITORIAL TO WRITE.
SOMEBODY HAS THOSE FILES.
SOMEONE OUT THERE HAS WHAT IT TAKES TO BURY US.
WHO WOULD URICH TRUST?

PETER PARKER?
THE LADY HAS BEEN INFORMED OF THE PASSING OF YOUR MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE.
SHE WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS HER CONDOLENCES IN PERSON. IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME...
THE BLACK CAT.
TOP OF THE STAIRS. MISS HARDY IS EXPECTING YOU.
PETER... I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF BEN. HE CALLED ME LAST NIGHT. TOLD ME YOU KNEW ABOUT THE DRUGS... THAT HE WAS TAKING MONEY FROM THE GOBLIN.
BEN WAS NO SAINT. I KNOW THAT BETTER THAN MOST. BUT HE WAS A BETTER MAN THAN YOU THINK.
HE WAS VERY FOND OF YOU, PETER...

I KNOW. I--
WHAT YOU *DON'T* KNOW IS THAT HE WAS GOING TO RISK EVERYTHING TO EXPOSE THE GOBLIN AND THE REST OF THOSE SCUM...
...*THAT'S* WHY HE'S DEAD.
IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOU, PETER.
BEN HAD NO SECRETS FROM ME.
IN THIS SAFE ARE HIS FILES ON THE GOBLIN. ALL HIS ACTIVITIES, HIS ASSOCIATES. NAMES, DATES, PHOTOGRAPHS.
HE TOLD ME, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.
YOU MEAN I SHOULD TAKE THEM TO THE BUGLE?
NO, PETER, THE BUGLE IS THE *LAST* PLACE YOU SHOULD TAKE THEM.
YOU DON'T SHOW THEM TO JONAH. YOU DON'T SHOW THEM TO *ANYONE.*
YOU USE THEM.
BEN SAID YOU KNOW HOW.
IF--IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO BEN, I WOULD NEVER HAVE PUSHED HIM.
JUST GO.

BEN MUST HAVE TOLD FELICIA I'M SPIDER-MAN. WHAT ELSE DOES SHE KNOW? WHY DOESN'T SHE WANT THE BUGLE INVOLVED?
DAMN IT, IF URICH HAD GIVEN THESE FILES TO THE BUGLE SIX MONTHS AGO, THE GOBLIN WOULD BE BEHIND BARS AND UNCLE BEN WOULD STILL BE ALIVE.
PETER?
DO YOU WANT TO TALK?
I KNOW MISTER URICH MEANT A LOT TO YOU.
URICH WAS A LIAR AND A COWARD.
I ONLY MET HIM ONCE, BUT I'M A PRETTY GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER--
AUNT MAY, YOU DON'T KNOW--
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID OR DIDN'T DO, BUT HE DID RIGHT BY YOU.
SO YOU DO RIGHT BY HIM.
YOU HEAR ME?

CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS.
MAN THAT IS BORN OF WOMAN HATH BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE, AND IS FULL OF MISERY. HE COMETH UP, AND IS CUT DOWN, LIKE A FLOWER.
HE FLEETH AS IT WERE A SHADOW, AND NEVER CONTINUETH IN ONE STAY.
IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH: OF WHOM MAY WE SEEK FOR SUCCOR, BUT OF THEE, O LORD, WHO FOR OUR SINS ART JUSTLY DISPLEASED?
O HOLY AND MOST MERCIFUL SAVIOR, DELIVER US NOT INTO THE BITTER PAINS OF ETERNAL DEATH.
THOU KNOWEST, LORD, THE SECRETS OF OUR HEARTS--
PETER, A WORD WITH YOU...
A TRAGIC LOSS.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN UPSETTING FOR YOU, FINDING HIM LIKE THAT.

YOU AND URICH--YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE, THESE PAST FEW WEEKS.
I GUESS.
DID HE, UH... DID HE TAKE YOU INTO HIS CONFIDENCE AT ALL?
THERE IT IS AGAIN. THAT WEIRD TINGLING, LIKE SOMETHING'S CREEPING UP ON ME.
THERE'S SOMETHING OFF ABOUT JAMESON. HE'S SCARED OF SOMETHING.
Y'SEE, HE WAS WORKING ON AN ASSIGNMENT. AN UNDERCOVER THING. HE MENTION THAT TO YOU?
NO, SIR. HE NEVER SAID. HE WAS A VERY PRIVATE PERSON.
I GUESS I'LL BE GOING BACK TO COLLEGE NOW, BUT I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE CHANCE TO WORK AT THE BUGLE.
FORGET IT. YOU BE SURE TO STAY IN TOUCH.
AND IF YOU THINK OF ANYTHING... ABOUT URICH...

FELICIA WAS RIGHT...
...I CAN'T TRUST JAMESON. I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE.
THIS IS SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO ALONE.
IT ALL MAKES SENSE NOW. GETTING BITTEN BY THE SPIDER. WHAT IT DID TO ME. THERE IS A PURPOSE TO IT.
EVERY NIGHT I'M GOING TO BE OUT HERE. EVERY NIGHT I'LL HIT THE GOBLIN WHERE IT HURTS.

URICH'S FILES HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED. ALL THE LOCATIONS OF THE GOBLIN'S OPERATIONS.
EVERY TWO-BIT GANGSTER AND HOODLUM HE ASSOCIATES WITH.
I'M GOING TO BE EVERYWHERE. FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES.
AND I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THE GOBLIN KNOWS WHO'S DOING THIS TO HIM. EVERY TIME I HIT HIM, I'LL BE LEAVING THE SPIDER'S CALLING CARD.

DAILY BUGLE
Who is the Spider-Man?
"Artist's reproduction of the Spider-Man based on eye-witness account"
Terror on the Streets
Masked Vigilante Injures Citizens
NORMAN OSBORN donates $20,000 to Widows and Orphans Fund
ENOUGH!!

ENOUGH OF THIS!
I WANT THIS FREAK'S HEAD IN A JAR!
DAILY BUGLE
Who is the Spider-Man?
RIGHT HERE ON THIS DESK!
WELL AND GOOD, OSBORN. WELL AND GOOD.
BUT LET'S MAKE IT SOON.
HE PUT HIS HANDS ON ME.
ON ME!
THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED. WE DEAL WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU CLAIM TO HAVE THIS CITY SEWN UP.
I HAVE THIS CITY. THE COPS, THE MAYOR, THE PORT AUTHORITY, THE UNIONS.
I HAVE THE BUGLE.
YEAH. OKAY. THAT'S IMPRESSIVE. I NEVER THOUGHT JAMESON WOULD ROLL OVER.
YOU HAVE MY RESPECT FOR THAT.
BUT THIS SPIDER-MAN...
ONE WEEK, OSBORN.
THEN WE'LL BE LOOKING ELSEWHERE FOR PROTECTION.

THE SPIDER-MAN KNOWS TOO MUCH. HE'S NOT GUESSING. HE KNOWS!
YOU THINK HE HAS URICH'S FILES?
OR WHOEVER HAS THEM IS TIPPING HIM OFF.
IT HAS TO BE THE KID. PARKER. OR FELICIA HARDY.
SHE WAS SWEET ON URICH BEFORE HE FELL APART.
FELICIA HARDY?
I SAW THE KID.
I SAW PARKER AT THE BLACK CAT, GOING UP TO MISS HARDY'S PRIVATE BOUDOIR.
YOU SAW--?
WHEN?
WHEN DID YOU SEE THIS?
I THINK... MAYBE...THE DAY AFTER URICH WAS RUBBED OUT.
MAYBE...
THANK YOU, OX.
THANK YOU FOR SHARING THAT WITH US.
I WANT PARKER HERE.
IT'S TIME TO CLEAN HOUSE.

"THIS GUN-TOTING MENACE IS NO ROBIN HOOD. HE ROBS FROM THE RICH AND FROM THE POOR, CHOOSING HIS VICTIMS AT RANDOM. RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMEN AND ORDINARY HARD-WORKING MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE HAVE BEEN THE VICTIMS OF HIS REIGN OF TERROR."
GAAH!
OKAY, JAMESON--I THINK IT'S TIME YOU EXPLAINED WHAT TURNS A MAN OF GRIT AND INTEGRITY INTO A SPINELESS MOUTHPIECE FOR THE GOBLIN...
GRIT AND INTEGRITY. GRIT AND INTEGRITY.
IT'S A GOOD LINE. I PRACTICE IT ALL THE WAY ACROSS TOWN, HONING MY DELIVERY TO A PERFECT PITCH OF MENACE AND IRONY.
STRANGE. THERE'S NO LIGHT IN JAMESON'S OFFICE.

JAMESON?
YOU COME TO KILL ME?
IT MUST BE OPEN SEASON...
DID THE GOBLIN DO THIS?
WHAT DID HE HAVE ON YOU, JAMESON?
HE'S THE MASTER OF DISGUISE...
...YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR...
NOBODY MOVE!!
IT'S A SET-UP!

IT'S A SET-UP AND I WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
EXCEPT...
...NOBODY KNEW I WAS COMING HERE.
NOBODY.
NOT A SET-UP. BUT IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN. EVEN JAMESON THOUGHT I WAS THERE TO KILL HIM.
COULD THIS POSSIBLY GET ANY WORSE?
WHAT THE HELL--?
I'VE BEEN SHOT AND I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT.
THAT BULLET COULD HAVE GONE THROUGH MY HEAD.

I'M MISSING SOMETHING. SOMETHING ABOUT JAMESON. WHAT DID THE GOBLIN HAVE TO MAKE THE OLD GOAT SELL OUT HIS PRINCIPLES?
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING IN URICH'S FILES.
Freak Show. Coney Island. 1928.
Sergei Kravinoff aka Kraven The Hunter - Animal Tamer - Russia
Adrian Toomes aka The Vulture - Geek - origin unknown
THEY'RE ALL HERE. I RECOGNIZE ALL THE GOBLIN'S MEN.
EXCEPT...
...THAT'S IT!

CITY MORGUE.

WHOEVER PERFORMS THE AUTOPSY ON THIS CORPSE IS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.
"DMITRI SMERDYAKOV, A.K.A. THE CHAMELEON--RUSSIAN, HALF-BROTHER OF KRAVEN--HAS THE ABILITY TO MOLD HIS FEATURES IN PERFECT IMITATION OF ANY SUBJECT."
Dmitri Smerdyakov
a.k.a.
The Chameleon
THE GOBLIN RECRUITED ALL HIS INNER CIRCLE FROM CIRCUSES AND FREAK SHOWS.
KRAVEN'S HALF-BROTHER HAD TO BE ONE OF THEM.
THE CHAMELEON
HE'S THE MASTER OF DISGUISE
YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES
THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE CHAMELEON'S GREATEST PERFORMANCE.
THE QUESTION IS, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL J. JONAH JAMESON?

YOU SMELL WORSE THAN THE TIGER, JAMESON.
YOU STINK OF FEAR. THE TIGER SENSES THIS.
IT MAKES HER HUNGRY.
DON'T WORRY, JAMESON. YOU WON'T BE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORT FOR MUCH LONGER.
AH, THE LOVELY FELICIA HARDY HAS JOINED US.
WE'RE ALMOST READY TO BEGIN OUR FESTIVITIES, MY DEAR.
WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR ONE LAST GUEST TO BE SUMMONED.

KNOK KNOK
PETER?
PETER, ARE YOU IN HERE?

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #4

SSSSSSS
P-PETER?
THE NAME IS TOOMES.
SSSSSS-- BAG OF BONES.

HUSSSBAND HAD MORE MEAT ON HIM.
NO NO NO...
WASSS DELICIOUSSS.
LET HER GO, TOOMES.
THE SSSSPIDER-MAN.
HOW FAST YOU MOVE, SSSPIDER?
FAST ENOUGH TO STOP ME SSSNAPPING HER NECK?

NO.
PROBABLY NOT.
OH GOD, NO.
DON'T SHOOT!
HAAAAAAA--
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

YOU KILLED HIM...
YOU SHOT AN UNARMED MAN!
JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
HE--HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU.
THEY SAY YOU CAN SHOOT SPIDER-WEBS.
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THOSE?
THE GOBLIN SENT THAT PIECE OF TRASH HERE.
HE WAS GOING TO--
--TO KILL ME. YES. SO YOU SAID.
YOU WANT ME TO THANK YOU? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
HE SENT THAT MONSTER...
THE PAPERS ARE RIGHT ABOUT YOU. YOU THINK YOU'RE ABOVE THE LAW.
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, WE ARE NOTHING WITHOUT RULES OF BEHAVIOR.
YOU DON'T GET IT, AUNT MAY. THEY DON'T FOLLOW YOUR RULES.

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE...
...I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE KILL ONE ANOTHER LIKE ANIMALS.
HE KILLED UNCLE BEN.
DO YOU HEAR ME, YOUNG MAN?
I WON'T HAVE IT!
HE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU.
GIVE ME THE GUN.
HE WON'T STOP.
HE'LL NEVER STOP.
I'M SORRY.

THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT.
BEN URICH'S FILES CALL THIS PLACE THE "TORTURE HOUSE." IF THE GOBLIN HAS KEPT JAMESON ALIVE...
...HE HAS TO BE HERE.
KRRNG
OH FELICIA, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU, MY DEAR?
YOU CAN START WITH AN APOLOGY, OSBORN.
THEN YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR LACKEYS CALL ME A CAB.
I ADMIRE YOUR BRAVADO, BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.
ASK JAMESON. HE'S BEEN CALLING DOWN HELL AND DAMNATION ON ME ALL WEEK, BUT HE'S STILL GOING TO DIE SQUIRMING IN HIS OWN MESS.
J-JAMESON?

WHY SO SHOCKED?
YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A--
--OH, WAIT! THAT'S RIGHT. JAMESON WAS SHOT DEAD A FEW HOURS BACK. BY THE SPIDER-MAN.
I KNOW THAT BECAUSE I HAVE INFORMANTS AT CITY HALL.
BUT HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
UNLESS THE SPIDER-MAN IS REPORTING TO YOU.
IS THAT IT, FELICIA? DID YOU SEND HIM TO KILL JAMESON?
LIKE YOU SENT JAMESON TO KILL BEN URICH?
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART, DON'T YOU?
"I HAD BEN'S FILES. I KEPT THEM RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE AT THE BLACK CAT. THE DAY HE WAS KILLED, HE TOLD ME TO BRING THEM TO HIM.
"HE PLANNED TO SPILL EVERYTHING TO THE BUGLE. I TOLD HIM HE WAS CRAZY. BUT HE WASN'T LISTENING.
"I WAS THERE WHEN BEN ANSWERED THE DOOR. I SAW JAMESON SHOOT HIM DOWN.

"I TOOK THE FILES AND LEFT BY THE FIRE ESCAPE.
"THE FIRST CHANCE I GOT, I WENT TO JAMESON'S OFFICE. I DIDN'T *HIRE* ANYONE TO DO MY DIRTY WORK FOR ME.
"I SHOT HIM WHERE HE SAT."
I KNOW I DIDN'T MISS.
WHADDAYAKNOW?
THAT RATFINK *IMPOSTOR* GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM.
WHAT ARE YOU PULLING HERE, OSBORN?
IF IT WASN'T JAMESON I SHOT, WHO THE HELL WAS IT?
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY DEAR, IT WAS ONE OF *MY* PEOPLE.
MY IDIOT HALF-BROTHER...
...RUBBED OUT BY A WOMAN!
I REGRET THIS, FELICIA. I VALUE OUR RELATIONSHIP, BUT THE CHAMELEON WAS ONE OF OUR OWN.
I CAN'T LET THIS GO UNPUNISHED.

DON'T TOUCH ME!
I TOLD YOU NEVER TO PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME AGAIN.
SO YOU DID.
I WAS GOING TO MAKE THIS QUICK AND PAINLESS. YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE ME MAD...
...AND YOU KNOW HOW I GET WHEN I'M MAD.
YOU DAMES HAVE A THING ABOUT SPIDERS, DON'T YOU?
WELL, TAKE A GOOD LOOK. YOU'LL BE GETTING REAL COZY WITH THESE SPECIMENS, JUST AS SOON AS THE VULTURE COMES BACK WITH THE PARKER KID.
THE VULTURE SENDS HIS APOLOGIES...

...HE'S BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED.
HE'S MINE!
KILL IT!
BLAM
NO. YOU WON'T KILL ANYONE.
AND NONE OF YOU WILL EVER COME AFTER MY FAMILY AGAIN.
EEEYYYEEEYYEEEE
UNGH!
THIS TIME THE BLOOD IS ON MY HANDS.
BLAM
YEEEEEEIP
YOU ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!
THERE WAS ME THINKING YOU HAD NO HEART.
UNNNFF

KLK
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
IT'S FEEDING TIME.
KLANK
RAAAAARRR
RRR-R-R-GH
HEY, KITTY!
RAAAA-ARRGH
YOU DON'T WANT TO EAT THE OLD MAN.
THWIP
LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE RECOVERS HIS APPETITE.
NEVER MIND ME. GO HELP YOUR GIRLFRIEND.

FELICIA!
YOU FOLLOW ME, SHE'S DEAD!
MRRUURVVRRR
FRRRKKKUUUHH
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU JUST SAID. IF IT WAS "I SURRENDER"...
...THEN YOU HAVE MY SINCERE APOLOGIES...
NYYAAAAAHH

IT'S OVER, NORMAN. YOU'RE FINISHED. YOU THINK YOUR PALS IN CITY HALL WILL BAIL YOU OUT AFTER THIS?
THEY'LL BE COMING AFTER YOU. EVERY BENT COP AND POLITICIAN WILL BE OUT TO SHUT YOU UP BEFORE YOU CAN RAT THEM OUT.
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN.
SHUT IT, FELICIA.
EVERY TIME YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON SOMEONE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE WAITING FOR THE BULLET OR THE BLADE.
SHUT UP! I HEARD--
WHA--
SCARED OF SHADOWS, OSBORN?
UNNF!
RUN, FELICIA!
GET OUT OF HERE!

SO THIS IS IT. THE ITSY-BITSY SPIDER GETS THE DROP ON THE BIG BAD WOLF.
BEFORE WE BRING THE CURTAIN DOWN ON THIS CHARADE--
--LET'S SEE WHO'S UNDER THERE.
NO!
GNAAAH
WHAT THE HELL?
HOW ABOUT THAT? IT'S URICH'S PUNK.
WHATSAMATTER, KID?
NEVER BEEN TO THE FREAK SHOW?

GOBLIN...
...THIS IS WHY...
ALL MY LIFE...WHEN THE OTHER KIDS THREW STONES... IN THE FREAK SHOWS...
ALL MY *LIFE.*
NOW WHEN THEY SAY THE NAME, I HEAR *RESPECT.*
AND THE FEW, THE VERY PRIVILEGED FEW WHO SEE THIS FACE...
...THEY KNOW ONE OF US IS GOING TO DIE.
SO HOW ABOUT IT, KID? I SEE IT IN YOUR EYES NOW.
YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES.
YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH HATE.

GO AHEAD, PULL THE TRIGGER.
BE A HERO.
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE KILL ONE ANOTHER LIKE ANIMALS.
NO!
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE THIS EASY FOR YOU, OSBORN.
YOU'RE GOING TO STAND TRIAL.
YOU PUT ME IN A COURTROOM, YOU DON'T GET A TRIAL...
YOU GET A FREAK SHOW.

SORRY KID, YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE.
I'M FINISHED WITH FREAK SHOWS.
THWIP
KLK
BLAM
AAH!
NOBODY'S PUTTING ME IN A CAGE!
NOBODY!
IT'S OVER, OSBORN. THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN.
WHAT-- ?

GNNAWWW-AAAWARRR
...KRAVEN?
A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK, UNCLE BEN SNEAKED ME IN TO SEE THE FRANKENSTEIN MOVIE.
MWWAAAWWRR
STAY BACK!
GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME!
IT GAVE ME NIGHTMARES. I WOKE UP AND UNCLE BEN WAS HOLDING ME IN HIS ARMS.
I EXPECTED HIM TO TELL ME THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS MONSTERS, BUT I GUESS HE FIGURED I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.
NO!
SO HE DID THE NEXT BEST THING. HE PROMISED TO KEEP ME SAFE FROM THE MONSTERS.
NOOOOO!
I WISH I COULD HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR HIM.

TWO MONTHS LATER.
"CORRUPTION CHARGES ARE TO BE BROUGHT AGAINST SEVENTEEN HIGH-RANKING POLICE OFFICERS AND A NUMBER OF POLITICIANS INCLUDING THE FORMER MAYOR OF NEW YORK, JAMES 'JIMMY' STRYDER.
"ALL THIS AS A RESULT OF EVIDENCE COLLECTED BY THE LATE BENJAMIN URICH, WHOSE COURAGEOUS AND DEDICATED REPORTING CONTRIBUTED TO THIS PUBLICATION'S UNSTINTING CAMPAIGN FOR INTEGRITY IN ALL WALKS OF PUBLIC LIFE."
MRROWRRR
DO YOU ALWAYS READ ALOUD WHEN YOU'RE ALONE?
I'M *NOT* ALONE, AM I?
DO TAKE OFF THAT RIDICULOUS MASK.
YOU DON'T LIKE MASKS?
WHY ARE YOU HERE, PETER?
I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD...
...WHAT THE GOBLIN SAID, ABOUT YOU AND HIM.
YOUR *RELATIONSHIP*.
DID YOU LEAVE BEN URICH FOR THE GOBLIN?

WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN ME AND NORMAN OSBORN...
...IT'S A LONG AND COMPLICATED STORY...
...AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
I FOUND SOMETHING AMONG BEN'S PAPERS.
I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD HAVE IT.

THE LONG COLD WINTER HAS FINALLY ENDED.
THE GOBLIN AND HIS CRONIES ARE DEAD OR IN CUSTODY, ROOSEVELT IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, AND J. JONAH JAMESON IS ONCE MORE SOUNDING THE CLARION CALL FOR LIBERTY AND EQUALITY FROM EVERY NEWSSTAND IN THE CITY.
IT LOOKS LIKE NOTHING BUT GOOD TIMES AHEAD.
EVEN SO, AUNT MAY IS STILL ON HER SOAPBOX, STILL FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.
SHE KNOWS THERE ARE STILL PLENTY OF BAD GUYS OUT THERE.
DAILY
Hitler's Nazis Gain Power
Berlin. Today the German Parliament passed the so-called Enabling Bill, giving Chancellor Hitler the powers formerly held by the president. While his Nazi thugs roam the streets, seeking out Jewish victims, Dr Goebbels under his new title of Minister of Public Enlightenment denounced the "blackmail, trickery and swindling" of "Jewish Vampires". With only 44 per cent of the popular vote, Hitler has replaced the democratic process with violence and intimidation, arresting Social Democrat and
ATLANTIS SETS
Celebrated biologist Dr. Otto Octavius joined a group of leading scientists on the crew of the research ship the Atlantis, as it departed on its six-month expediti
to explore the ocean's depths.
THE MONSTERS ARE ALWAYS WITH US.
BUT THAT'S OKAY, BECAUSE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE GOOD GUYS TOO...
...AND IN THE END, WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE...
...GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN.
THE END

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #1

SEPTEMBER 1933. AROUND MIDNIGHT.
THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.
THIS IS YOUR STOP, STOOLIE!
SKREEEEECH
Squealer
OH, JEEZ! HIS TONGUE'S GONE.
COUNT THE MONEY.
TWO HUNDRED IN TENS AND TWENTIES, RIGHT?
ON THE NOSE.
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
IT'S WHAT I PAID HIM.

EIGHT MONTHS AGO, I TOOK DOWN THE GOBLIN AND IT LEFT A POWER VACUUM. NOW THERE'S A NEW BOSS IN TOWN.
DUMPING A BODY ON THE STEPS OF THE BUREAU'S OFFICE TAKES SOME MOXIE. HE'S TELLING THE PLAYERS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW THAT HE'S UNTOUCHABLE.
IT'S TIME SOMEBODY PROVED HIM WRONG.
BROOKLYN. THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT. 2 A.M.
THE SPIDER-MAN!
BRRAT-A-BRRAT-A-BRRAT
I HAVE A QUESTION.
WHO IS HE?
THWIP

UNNF--
WHO IS THE CRIME MASTER?!
NUH-NOBODY KNOWS.
H-HE WEARS A MASK.
WHERE DO I FIND HIM?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE DOES TO STOOL PIGEONS?
I'VE SEEN WHAT HE DOES. THING IS...
WHAM
...HE ISN'T HERE.
I AM.

FOUR HOURS AGO.
DONATO MORETTI. THANK YOU FOR COMING.
MAKE IT SNAPPY. I HAVE PLACES TO GO.
ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE SNAPPY VERSION.
I TAKE THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR RECEIPTS, OFF THE TOP. IN RETURN I GUARANTEE YOUR TURF. NO COMPETITION. NO INTERFERENCE FROM--
HEH HEH.
ARE YOU LAUGHING AT ME?
YOU CALL ME HERE. YOU SUMMON ME...
I CAME HERE, OUT OF CURIOSITY. I WANTED TO SEE WHAT KIND OF TWO-BIT PUNK HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A MASK.
EVEN THE GOBLIN NEVER TOOK THIRTY PERCENT AND THE GOBLIN WAS A MAN. HE COMMANDED RESPECT. WE GAVE HIM RESPECT. YOU...
THIS IS WHAT I GIVE YOU...
P-TOOO

OKAY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
TONY?
NNUUUUUNNGGH...
DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM THE SANDMAN?
SWEET DREAMS, TONY.
KKK-UUKKK...
CRUNCH

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE. NOW.
LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE IS CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GOON GAVE UP THIS LOCATION TOO EASILY.
NO MOVEMENT. NO SOUND. THERE'S NO ONE HERE.
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.
THERE'S AN ODOR.
THE LAST TIME I SMELLED IT WAS THE NIGHT UNCLE BEN DIED.
I KNOW WHAT IT IS...

...THE STENCH OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
SPIDER-MAN: NOIR
EYES WITHOUT A FACE
Part 1: AROUND MIDNIGHT

FELICIA HARDY'S APARTMENT, ABOVE THE BLACK CAT NIGHTCLUB.
ARE YOU GOING TO STAY UP THERE ALL NIGHT?
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE TOO LATE TO VISIT.
I NEVER SLEEP BEFORE DAWN.
COME ON DOWN AND HAVE A DRINK WITH ME.
ANY PARTICULAR REASON YOU DROPPED BY?
I, UH... I NEED YOUR HELP.
NOW WHY WOULD A TOUGH GUY LIKE YOU NEED *MY* HELP?

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE CRIME MASTER?
SURE. HE'S QUITE THE BIG MAN ABOUT TOWN.
I'M GOING AFTER HIM.
ONLY HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE'S OPERATING FROM.
AND WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
EVERYONE SPENDS TIME IN THE BLACK CAT, AND WHEN THEY'VE HAD A DRINK OR TWO, EVERYONE TALKS. YOU JUST HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN.
THE BLACK CAT IS NEUTRAL GROUND. I DON'T WORK FOR JOHN LAW. I DON'T WORK FOR ANYONE.
YOU HELPED ME WITH THE GOBLIN.
I HAD A GOOD REASON.
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THIS CRIME MASTER. HE NEVER HURT ME.
HE'S KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE.
I HEARD. MOBSTERS, HOODLUMS, NO-GOOD TRASH.
WHO CARES?
I CARE.
THE ANSWER IS NO.

NOW WHAT'S THE OTHER REASON YOU CAME HERE?
NO OTHER REASON.
LIAR.

TIME YOU WERE LEAVING.
LEAVING? I THOUGHT WE COULD DO SOMETHING TODAY.
LIKE WHAT? GO FOR A SODA? WALK IN THE PARK?
I'M NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND, PETER.
WHY NOT?
I KNOW YOU'RE...I MEAN... I'M YOUNGER THAN YOU, BUT--
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? TAKE ME TO MEET YOUR AUNT MAY?
"THIS IS FELICIA. SHE RUNS THE HOTTEST SPEAKEASY IN TOWN, USED TO BE A DANCER...
"...THE EXOTIC KIND."
FIND YOURSELF A NICE GIRL, GET MARRIED, SETTLE DOWN, THEN WHEN YOU NEED A LITTLE EXCITEMENT ON THE SIDE, COME AND SEE ME.
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOOD FOR. LATE NIGHTS, WHEN THE MOOD LIGHTING AND THE BOOZE GIVE EVERYTHING A MISTY GLOW.
I DON'T LOOK SO GOOD IN THE DAYLIGHT.
FELICIA--
--GO HOME.

BOWERY WELFARE CENTER.
WE'VE GOT A NEW PRESIDENT AND A NEW DEAL. AND THE SAME OLD HOMELESS BUMS ARE STILL LINING UP FOR AUNT MAY'S SOUP.
LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.
MARY JANE WATSON. IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I SAW YOU IN AN APRON.
YOUR AUNT CALLED ME IN. SHE HAS VISITORS AND YOU WEREN'T HERE TO HELP OUT, SO...
YEAH, I GUESS I LOST TRACK OF TIME.
LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD QUITE A NIGHT.
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
SO WHO'S VISITING?
THE ROBERTSONS. THEY'RE UPSTAIRS WITH MAY.
I'LL HOLD THE FORT HERE. YOU GO JOIN THE DEBATING SOCIETY.
YOU KNOW ME. I ALWAYS VOTED REPUBLICAN, BUT I HAVE TO HAND IT TO HIM--ROOSEVELT HAS STABILIZED THE BANKS AND THE STOCK MARKET, PROTECTED HOME MORTGAGES--
--FINE AND DANDY FOR THE WEALTHY. THEY'RE THE ONES THAT GOT US IN THIS MESS.
AND THERE'S THE PROGRAM OF PUBLIC WORKS. THAT'S PUTTING FOLKS BACK TO WORK--
NOT THE *COLORED* WORKERS! THE DEMOCRATS HAVE NEVER DONE A DAMN THING FOR US AND ROOSEVELT IS NO DIFFERENT.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HIS PRECIOUS N.R.A. STANDS FOR...AND IT ISN'T *NATIONAL RECOVERY ACT.*
IT'S *NEGROES ROBBED AGAIN.*

I HAPPEN TO KNOW... THIS IS FROM AN INSIDE SOURCE IN THE WHITE HOUSE...
...EVEN WITH LYNCHINGS BACK UP TO TWO A MONTH, ROOSEVELT HAS REFUSED TO BACK AN ANTI-LYNCHING BILL BECAUSE HE WON'T RISK LOSING THE SUPPORT OF THE SENATE ON *MORE IMPORTANT* ISSUES.
YOUR "INSIDE SOURCES" ARE AGITATORS... PROPAGANDISTS.
MIND IF I INTERRUPT THE DEBATE BEFORE CIVIL WAR BREAKS OUT IN HERE?
PETER!
IT'S A *REVOLUTION* THAT HOTHEAD SON OF MINE WANTS.
I BLAME *YOU* FOR THIS, MAY PARKER, *CORRUPTING* THESE IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG MINDS.
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, ROBBIE? WE DON'T SEE SO MUCH OF YOU THESE DAYS.
HE'S TOO BUSY CHASING RUMORS.
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT? THE *BOTH* OF YOU ENDING UP AS NEWSHOUNDS.
I'M STILL STUDYING FOR COLLEGE.
IN A YEAR OR TWO, WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH SAVED FOR THE FEES...
COME ON, PETER, LET'S GET SOME AIR. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO BEND YOUR EAR ABOUT.

SO HOW IS IT AT THE NEGRO WORLD?
FRUSTRATING.
OH IT'S FINE WHEN WE STICK TO SOUNDING OFF ON THE PROGRESS OF THE COLORED RACE.
LIBERAL NEW YORKERS ARE HAPPY TO PAT US ON OUR NAPPY HEADS AND CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON HOW BROAD-MINDED THEY ARE.
WHEN WE TRY TO STEP OUTSIDE OUR BOUNDARIES, IT'S ANOTHER STORY...
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DOCTOR OTTO OCTAVIUS?
THE MOST BRILLIANT BIOLOGIST IN THE COUNTRY.
THE GOVERNMENT IS FINANCING HIS NEW RESEARCH. SET HIM UP IN A LAB ON ELLIS ISLAND.
RIGHT. AND I WAS PLANNING A PIECE ON HIM FOR THE SUNDAY SECTION.
PROBLEM IS, WHEN THE PAPER REQUESTED AN INTERVIEW, HE TURNED US DOWN FLAT.
GUESS WE JUST AREN'T PRESTIGIOUS ENOUGH FOR HIM TO WASTE HIS TIME.
BUT IF YOU WERE TO APPROACH HIM THROUGH THE BUGLE...
I DON'T KNOW IF JAMESON WOULD BUY IT.
YOU'RE THE SCIENCE WHIZ. YOU CAN CONVINCE HIM.
WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?
LET ME TAG ALONG. IT'S YOUR STORY. I JUST WANT TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THAT LABORATORY.
AND I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO ELLIS ISLAND.

THREE DAYS LATER...
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT MILLIONS OF IMMIGRANTS WERE PROCESSED THROUGH HERE. MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS MUST HAVE STEPPED OFF THE BOAT RIGHT ON THIS SPOT.
NOT MINE. I'LL VENTURE THAT MY ANCESTORS WERE A LITTLE LESS OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THEIR PROSPECTS THAN YOURS WHEN THEY SET FOOT ON AMERICAN SOIL.
THE FLOW GOES THE OTHER WAY THESE DAYS. THAT'S THE DEPORTATION HOLDING CENTER OVER THERE. LAST STOP FOR ALL THE UNDESIRABLES WHO DON'T FIT THE PICTURE OF THE PERFECT AMERICAN CITIZEN.
CRIMINALS, SUBVERSIVES, COMMUNISTS, ANARCHISTS...
STRANGE PLACE TO BE SETTING UP A HIGH-LEVEL GOVERNMENT LAB.
IT MAKES SENSE. IT'S ISOLATED. HIGH SECURITY.
AND THE OLD HOSPITAL BUILDINGS ARE A PERFECT LABORATORY SPACE.
YOU MUST BE THE REPORTER FROM THE BUGLE.
I'M PETER PARKER. THIS IS MY COLLEAGUE, MR. ROBERTSON.
I'M DOCTOR CONNORS.
YOUR EDITOR DIDN'T MENTION--
ROBBIE'S MY ASSISTANT. HE HELPS OUT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHY.

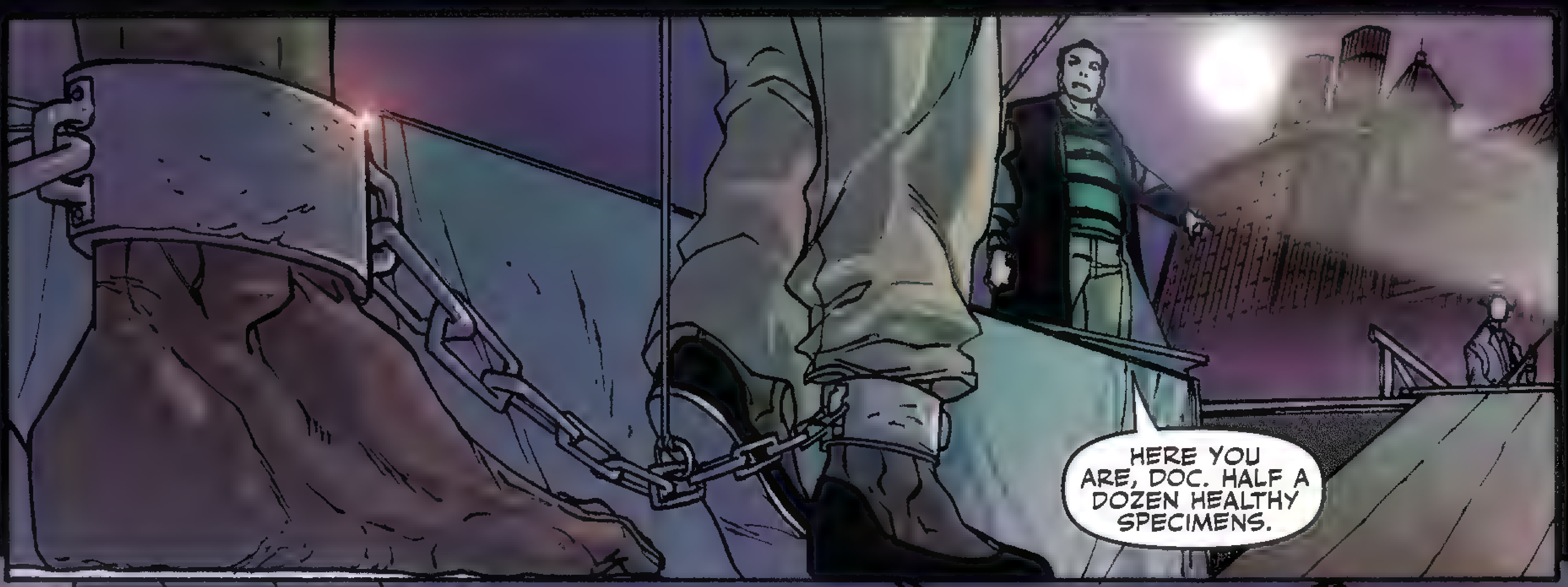
YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE EXPERIMENTS.
THAT'S OKAY. A SHOT OF DOCTOR OCTAVIUS WILL BE FINE.
DOCTOR, THE REPORTER FROM THE *DAILY BUGLE* IS HERE.
GENTLEMEN...
...DOCTOR OTTO OCTAVIUS.

MISTER PARKER. YOUR EDITOR SPOKE HIGHLY OF YOU.
FORGIVE ME. I'VE JUST COMPLETED A RATHER DELICATE PIECE OF SURGERY.
I'M AFRAID THE SMELL OF BLOOD AND FORMALDEHYDE IS ALWAYS WITH ME.
THE MONKEY IS THE CLOSEST WE CAN GET TO THE HUMAN BRAIN. IT DOESN'T HAVE THE INTELLECT, OF COURSE, BUT THE REACTIONS, THE BASIC PRIMITIVE URGES, ARE SIMILAR ENOUGH TO WORK WITH.
MY GOD!

YOU'VE INSERTED ELECTRODES INTO THE BRAIN?
YES. WE'RE MEASURING THE CREATURE'S REACTIONS TO VARIOUS STIMULI.
HEAT, COLD, FEEDING OR WITHHOLDING FOOD. PLEASURABLE CARESSES OR LOW LEVELS OF PAIN.
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE PRACTICAL USE OF THESE RESULTS, ASSUMING YOU CAN APPLY WHAT YOU LEARN TO HUMANS?
YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GRASP THE DETAIL.
TAKE IT FROM ME, THESE EXPERIMENTS WILL TAKE US TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMAN MIND AND PHYSIOLOGY.
IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT ANY CREATURE SHOULD HAVE TO SUFFER, BUT I THINK, WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, IT'S AN AFFORDABLE PRICE...
...IF IT ENSURES THAT NO CHILD IS EVER BORN WITH A CONDITION LIKE MY OWN.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, YOUNG MAN? WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?
I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE HUMAN MIND FROM A MONKEY, BUT I MUST ADMIT, THIS IS ALL QUITE...
...FASCINATING.

FASCINATING?!
WHAT THAT MAN IS DOING IS BARBARIC!
ROBBIE, YOU'RE JUST BEING SQUEAMISH. IT'S A MONKEY.
THOSE EXPERIMENTS COULD HELP CURE MENTAL ILLNESS, OVERCOME ALL KINDS OF HEREDITARY ILLNESS...
THE BENEFITS TO HUMANITY ARE INCALCULABLE.
WHAT WE JUST WITNESSED WAS THE OPPOSITE OF HUMANITY.
AND DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME?
I KNOW WHY HE DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO THE NEGRO WORLD.
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, ROBBIE?
YOU DIDN'T GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE BECAUSE YOU'RE BOTHERED ABOUT THE WELFARE OF MONKEYS.
I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY HERE.
ARE YOU PLANNING TO SHARE THIS WITH ME?
I HAVEN'T PUT IT ALL TOGETHER YET. WHEN I DO, I'LL TELL YOU.
THAT'S A PROMISE.
THE LOOK IN HIS EYES. WHATEVER IT IS HE'S KEEPING FROM ME...

...I HAVE THE FEELING IT'S SOMETHING BAD.
HAVE YOU BROUGHT THEM?
TURN OFF THAT BLASTED LIGHT, WILL YA?
OKAY, BOYS. UNLOAD THE LIVESTOCK.


HERE YOU ARE, DOC. HALF A DOZEN HEALTHY SPECIMENS.

...AND PLENTY MORE WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #2

"MY GOD.
"OH, MY GOD.
"HE'S INSANE."
HE'S MARKING HIS TERRITORY.
HE DUMPED MY STOOL PIGEON ON OUR DOORSTEP TO SHOW HE'S NOT SCARED OF US. NOW HE'S SHOWING HIS RIVALS WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY GO UP AGAINST HIM.
AH, HELL! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?
FROM THE FANCY DUDS, I'D SAY THAT'S DON MORETTI.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE?
IT'S IN HIS LAP.

COME ON, WALTER, WE COULD BOTH USE SOME FRESH AIR.
AGENT DE WOLFE, YOU SHOULD TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
WEBS.
YOU THINK THE SPIDER-MAN IS WORKING WITH THE CRIME MASTER?
HE WOULDN'T BE BREAKING IN THROUGH A BACK WINDOW.
MORE LIKELY HE WAS THE "CONCERNED CITIZEN" WHO CALLED THIS IN.
SO HE'S ON OUR SIDE?
IF HE WAS ON OUR SIDE HE'D BE CARRYING A BADGE AND CALLING ME "SIR."
HE'S A *VIGILANTE.*
HE GOES WHERE HE WANTS, HE DOES WHAT HE WANTS. NO RULES. NO CONSTRAINTS.
WHERE DO I SIGN UP?

HARLEM.
ON SEVENTH AVENUE, BETWEEN 134TH AND 135TH, THERE'S A CLUB CALLED SEVENTH HEAVEN.
IT DOESN'T EXACTLY BROADCAST ITS EXISTENCE.
THE CLUB BELONGED TO MORETTI, BUT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME THAT SINCE THE DON LOST FACE, IT'S UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP.
RAP! RAP!
YEAH?
JOE SENT ME.
SLAM
IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES...
I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S THE SPIDER-MAN.
OKAY, OPEN IT UP.
HE AIN'T GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT HIM.

SPIDER-MAN: NOIR
EYES WITHOUT A FACE
Part 2: NIGHT MUSIC

GENTLEMEN, LADIES, FORGIVE THE INTERRUPTION.
I'M HERE TO GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING.
YOU MAY THINK WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS HARMLESS, LISTENING TO MUSIC, DRINKING LIQUOR. EVERYONE HAVING A GOOD TIME.
THE TRUTH IS THIS DEN OF FILTH IS BUILT ON CRIME AND CORRUPTION, AND FROM THIS NIGHT I CONSIDER EVERY ONE OF YOU AS GUILTY AS THE SCUM WHO TAKE YOUR MONEY. YOU ARE GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION.
GUILTY OF NARCOTICS TRAFFICKING, THEFT, EXTORTION, BLACKMAIL, GUN-RUNNING, BOOTLEGGING, TORTURE, RAPE AND MURDER.
IF YOU WANT TO LET YOUR HAIR DOWN, I HAVE NO BEEF WITH THE *COTTON CLUB*, THE *SAVOY*, THE *RADIUM*...
...BUT YOU WILL NEVER SET FOOT IN *HERE* AGAIN.
NOW I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO LEAVE.
GO!
BRRAAPABRRAPA

BUSTING UP THE CRIME MASTER'S OPERATIONS GIVES ME A WARM FEELING. MY INFORMANT SAYS THIS PLACE IS SPECIAL. HE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHY. WOULDN'T SAY OR DOESN'T KNOW.
I'M GUESSING YOU'RE FAT LARRY.
YOU HEARD THE SPEECH. THIS CLUB IS SHUTTING DOWN.
Y-YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE. I PAY MY DUES. I'M COVERED.
FAT LARRY MANAGED THIS PLACE FOR THE GOBLIN, THEN MORETTI, NOW THE CRIME MASTER. THIS RAT IS A SURVIVOR.
HOLD THESE FOR ME, WILL YOU?
LISTEN TO ME, FAT MAN, THE CRIME MASTER PAYS YOU TO RUN THIS JOINT. YOU PAY THE COPS TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.
BUT NOBODY PAYS ME.
HOW MUCH YOU LOOKING FOR?
JUST GIVE ME THE GUIDED TOUR.

HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET?
PUT YOUR PANTS ON. GO HOME TO YOUR WIFE. I CATCH YOU HERE AGAIN, I'LL INTRODUCE HER TO YOUR GIRLFRIENDS.
PROSTITUTION. DOPE. IT'S SICKENING BUT THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T EXPECT IN A DIVE LIKE THIS.
WHAT'S IN THERE?
NOTHING. IT'S A STORE ROOM.
UNLOCK IT.
WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS?!*

LOCKED DOOR. SOUNDPROOFING. WHAT GOES ON IN HERE?
IS THIS WHERE CRIME MASTER TORTURES HIS VICTIMS?
HEH, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH, AREN'T YOU? YOU NEVER BEEN IN A *CATHOUSE* BEFORE?
WHAT? WHAT'S FUNNY, LARRY?
WE HAVE CUSTOMERS WITH UNUSUAL TASTES, YOU KNOW? SADISTS. MASOCHISTS. SOME LIKE TO GIVE, SOME LIKE TO RECEIVE.
NOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO WALK AWAY?
NOBODY BUYS ME!
YOU TELL CRIME MASTER THIS HOLE IS CLOSED DOWN. *PERMANENTLY.*
AND YOU, LARRY...
I WHISPER IN HIS EAR, TELL HIM ALL THE THINGS I WILL DO TO HIM IF HE TRIES TO RUN AS MUCH AS A SHOE-SHINE STAND IN NEW YORK AGAIN.
WHAT I TELL HIM...I ALMOST SCARE MYSELF.
WHEN I LEAVE, I FEEL DIRTY. I NEED TO GET UP TO THE ROOFTOPS.
GET THE STENCH OF THIS PLACE OFF ME.
I NEED TO FLY.

FELICIA'S STILL AWAKE. THE MELANCHOLY SOUND OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S BODY AND SOUL DRIFTS ON THE NIGHT AIR.
My life's a wreck you're making...
...you know I'm yours for just the taking...
...I'd gladly surrender myself to you...
...body and soul...
HEY, HONEY, COME ON BACK IN HERE.

BOWERY WELFARE CENTER.
PETER! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?
HI, PETE--
AUNT MAY, YOU HAVE GOT TO SEE THIS.
JAMESON RAN MY PIECE ON DOCTOR OCTAVIUS UNCUT.
GROUNDBREAKING NEW EXPERIMENTS AT ELLIS ISLAND LAB
I ASKED YOU WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, YOUNG MAN.
HAVE YOU BEEN HANGING AROUND THOSE PLACES BEN URICH USED TO TAKE YOU?
I--
--CARVER?
PETER, WE NEED TO TALK TO YOU.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
ROBBIE'S GONE MISSING.

MAYBE HE'S STAYING OVER AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.
NO.
I'M SORRY. WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? THIS IS GLORIA.
SHE'S BEEN STEPPING OUT WITH ROBBIE.
ROBBIE WOULDN'T SLEEP OUT *ANYWHERE* WITHOUT ME KNOWING ABOUT IT.
HE'S IN *TROUBLE*.
HE'S BEEN INVESTIGATING THE ACTIVITIES OF WHITE SUPREMACISTS.
I TOLD HIM THE K.K.K. ARE *FINISHED*, BUT HE'S CONVINCED THEY'VE GONE UNDERGROUND, ASSIMILATED INTO THE MAINSTREAM POLITICAL PARTIES.
HE THINKS THEY'RE LINKED TO THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY.
THE *WHAT?*
THEY'RE GERMAN IMMIGRANTS WHO WANT TO SET UP AN AMERICAN NAZI PARTY. THEY'RE DIRECTLY SPONSORED BY THE NAZIS IN GERMANY.
ROBBIE THINKS THEY INTEND TO INFILTRATE THE UPPER RANKS OF AMERICA'S POLITICAL POWER STRUCTURE BY PLAYING UP STORIES THAT ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES ARE BEING DICTATED BY HIS *"NEGRO LOVER"* WIFE.

ROBBIE HAS CONTACTED A FORMER MEMBER OF THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY WHO BELIEVES THEY'RE PLANNING TREASONABLE ACTIVITIES.
I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY HERE.
ARE YOU PLANNING TO *SHARE* THIS WITH ME?
HE'S ALSO BEEN LOOKING INTO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DOZENS OF NEGROES FROM THE STREETS OF HARLEM OVER THE PAST MONTHS.
I SHOULD HAVE *LISTENED* TO HIM. I TOLD HIM HE WAS IMAGINING THINGS.
BUT IF IT WERE TRUE WE WOULD HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT.
IF THEY WERE *WHITE* YOU'D HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT.
COPS DON'T TAKE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF COLOREDS TOO SERIOUSLY.
I TRIED TO REPORT ROBBIE MISSING AT THE POLICE STATION.
ASKED ME IF I'D CHECKED THE DRUNK TANK.
MY ROBBIE, IN THE *DRUNK TANK!*

WHY DIDN'T ROBBIE TELL ME WHAT HE WAS DOING?
HE WASN'T SURE YOU WOULD TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY EITHER.
BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE MISSING PEOPLE?
THEY COULDN'T JUST DISAPPEAR.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M GOING TO FIND ROBBIE.
WAIT! I'M COMING WITH YOU.
PETER--?!

ELLIS ISLAND.
THESE ARE THE NEW ARRIVALS, DOCTOR.
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, OCTAVIUS.
HE KNOWS MY NAME.
YOU DON'T *REMEMBER* ME, DO YOU?
I SUPPOSE WE ALL LOOK THE SAME TO YOU.
I CAN DISTINGUISH GENDER. THAT'S QUITE SUFFICIENT.
THIS FEMALE WILL DO, CONNORS.
HAVE HER CLEANED UP AND BRING HER TO THE LAB.

SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN.
I'M TOLD THE SPIDER-MAN PAID A VISIT TO SEVENTH HEAVEN.
IT'S NOT A PROBLEM, BOSS. THE DUMB PALOOKA DIDN'T FIND A THING.
BUT IF HE HAD BEEN THERE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS EARLIER, HE WOULD HAVE FOUND FOUR NEGROES IN CHAINS.
YOU'RE DISAPPOINTING ME.
EVERYTHING'S JAKE. I HAVE THIS CITY UNDER MY THUMB. THE BULLS, THE FEDS, EVERY TWO-BIT GUZZLER AND HOODLUM IN TOWN IS TERRIFIED OF ME.
IDIOT!
THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE AFRAID OF.
I CREATED THE CRIME MASTER. WITHOUT THE MASK, YOU'RE NOTHING!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE. I HAVE A MEETING TO GO TO.

ELLIS ISLAND.
JOSEF. YOU'RE LATE. I WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN WITHOUT YOU.
THERE WAS A PROBLEM THAT NEEDED MY ATTENTION.
AH. POLITICS.
ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THE THEORIES OF RUDOLF KJELLÉN?
GEOPOLITIK AND LEBENSRAUM.
YES, YES. BUT HE ALSO WROTE *THE STATE AS A FORM OF LIFE*, WHERE HE INITIATED THE CONCEPT OF *BIOPOLITICS*, WITH THE STATE AS AN ORGANISM THAT HOSTS CERTAIN PARASITIC LIFE FORMS.
LIFE FORMS THAT MUST BE CUT AWAY IF THE STATE IS TO SURVIVE.

I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WHY BERLIN WANTS US TO SPONSOR THESE EXPERIMENTS.
THERE ARE MORE EFFICIENT WAYS TO EXTERMINATE PARASITES THAN TO DISSECT THEM ONE BY ONE.
BUT EXTERMINATION IS SO *WASTEFUL.* I HAVE WRITTEN TO HEINRICH HIMMLER AND HE AGREES WITH ME.
YOU HAVE AN ALTERNATIVE?
I GREW UP IN GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA. MY FATHER HAD A COPPER MINE, WORKED BY INDIGENOUS *FORCED LABOR.*
"LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT OUR NATIVE HOUSE SERVANTS.
"BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS PROBLEMATIC. TROUBLESOME, LAZY...
"...AND DEGENERATE.
"I DETERMINED LONG AGO THAT THE SOLUTION LAY IN A MARRIAGE OF NEUROLOGICAL AND BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE."

...I INTEND TO PROVE THAT INFERIOR RACES MAY BE CONTROLLED. IF I CAN REMOVE THEIR WILL-POWER PERMANENTLY, THEN WE WILL HAVE THE PERFECT WORKFORCE...
OBEDIENT, HARD-WORKING AND INCAPABLE OF REBELLION...
...BECAUSE THEIR WILL TO RESIST HAS BEEN CUT AWAY LIKE A CANCEROUS TUMOR.

SEVENTH HEAVEN, HARLEM.
IT LOOKS LIKE FAT LARRY TOOK MY THREATS SERIOUSLY.
DRINKING ALONE?
WE'RE CLOSED.
AND HOW THE HELL DID--
YOU--
KRASSH
SHOW ME THAT ROOM AGAIN, LARRY. THE ROOM WITH THE CHAINS.
AND THIS TIME I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE REALLY FOR.
TELL CRIME MASTER, HE'S DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE CLUB.
THE SPIDER-MAN!

I KNOW THE CRIME MASTER'S GOONS HAVE BEEN SNATCHING COLORED PEOPLE OFF THE STREET.
I KNOW THEY'VE BEEN KEPT HERE.
I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THAT.
I JUST WANT TO RUN MY CLUB.
WELL, AIN'T THIS COZY?
A LITTLE JAZZ MUSIC, NICE GIRLS.
I HEAR YOU BEEN LOOKING FOR ME.
YOU'LL NOTICE MY BOYS AREN'T USING THEIR CANNONS.
I WANT YOU *ALIVE* WHEN I SLIT YOU OPEN AND YOUR GUTS SPILL OUT ON THE FLOOR.
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, LADIES?
LET'S DANCE!

THWIP
UNNFF!
THWIP
AKK!
ARRRGH!

ALL RIGHT, BIG GUY, YOU CAN STEP OUT OF THE WAY OR I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HIT YOU.
YOUR CHOICE.
HIT ME.
OKAY. WATCH THE BIRDIE.
THE POOR SAP. THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY.
THUNK
AAAAHH--!
IT FEELS LIKE I HIT A LUMP OF GRANITE.
UNH--!
SNIK
UNNNHH...
REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS A KID. I PINNED A SPIDER TO THE TABLE, BELLY UP.
THEN I SLIT IT OPEN, TO SEE WHERE THE WEBS CAME FROM...

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #3

C'MON, AGENT DE WOLFE. GIMME A BREAK, WILLYA?
THE LAST GUY WAS SEEN TALKING TO YOU HAD HIS TONGUE FED TO HIM.
THE FASTER YOU TALK, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE ON YOUR WAY.
I ALREADY TOLD THE FLATFOOT. WHOLE GANG OF HOODS WENT INTO SEVENTH HEAVEN MAYBE TWENTY MINUTES AGO. ONE OF THEM WAS SANDMAN.
ANOTHER GUY WAS WEARING A BLACK MASK AND GLOVES. HAD TO BE THE CRIME MASTER.
OFFICER, DO THE MAN A FAVOR. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE DIDN'T SPILL ANYTHING.
MY PLEASURE.
SPIDER-MAN: NOIR
EYES WITHOUT A FACE
PART 3: BLUES IN THE NIGHT

SO WHAT DO WE DO, BOSS?
IF WE BUST IN AND FIND THEM PLAYING PINOCHLE OVER A CUP OF JAVA, WE'RE GOING TO LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF DUMB HICKS.
CLOSED UNTIL
THE BUREAU NEEDS A HEADLINE ARREST. CRIME MASTER IS HEADLINES.
HOOVER WILL STRING US UP BY OUR THUMBS IF WE BLOW THIS.
A GUY IN A MASK IS A GUY IN A MASK. WITHOUT IT HE'S JUST ONE MORE CITIZEN. HOW DO WE PROVE HE'S THE CRIME MASTER?
I SAY WE BACK OFF UNTIL WE KNOW FOR SURE WE'RE GOING TO CATCH HIM RED-HANDED.
HOLD HIM STEADY. I DON'T WANT HIM WRIGGLING WHEN I OPEN HIM UP.
UHNNNN...

UNNF--
THWIP
AAAH!
DAMN IT! HE BROKE MY FINGERS!
KILL HIM!

ARE YOU PLANNING ON DEBATING THIS ALL NIGHT OR ARE WE GOING TO BUST THIS JOINT?
JERRY, WHAT HAVE WE GOT ON THE SANDMAN?
HE'S AN ENFORCER. WANTED IN THREE STATES. KIDNAP, ASSAULT, MURDER.
GOOD ENOUGH. WE'RE GOING AFTER THE SANDMAN. IF WE CAN PUT A FACE TO THE CRIME MASTER WHILE WE'RE DOING IT, THAT'S A BONUS.
NOBODY MOVE!

FREEZE, SANDMAN!
LOOK AT THAT, THEY'RE HANDING OUT GUNS TO THE COLLEGE BOYS.
THEY TEACH YOU HOW TO USE THOSE THINGS?
SANDMAN... HE'S THE SANDMAN...
--THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
STOP HITTING HIM OR I SWEAR I'LL SHOOT YOU!
...HE COMES IN THE NIGHT TO STEAL YOUR EYES...
THAT'S IT, YOU LUNATIC! YOU HAD YOUR WARNING!
BLAM
...AND HE SMELLS LIKE FORMALDEHYDE...
...GOING TO SLEEP NOW...

HE-HE'S STILL *MOVING!*
THAT THING AIN'T *HUMAN!*
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
THUMP

CRAZY...
GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RELOAD!
AFTER THEM! MOVE IT!
GO THAT WAY. LAY LOW UNTIL I CONTACT YOU.

I KNOW YOU...
...SAW YOU OUTSIDE THE BUREAU'S OFFICE...
...WITH A DEAD BODY...
AM I UNDER ARREST?
YOU'RE NOT MY JURISDICTION. NOT UNLESS IT'S CLYDE BARROW UNDER THAT MASK.
I HEARD YOU SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN. IS THAT WHY THE SANDMAN WAS BEATING ON YOU?
I THINK-- OW!
I THINK THERE'S A BIGGER STORY.
IT GETS POLITICAL.
CRIME MASTER IS LINKED TO THE KLAN AND THE FRIENDS OF NEW GERMANY.
THE NAZIS?
THEY'RE TAKING COLORED PEOPLE OFF THE STREETS. I THINK THEY'RE KILLING THEM.
CAN YOU PROVE THAT? THIS IS NEW YORK, NOT MISSISSIPPI.
YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863? A MOB RAMPAGED THROUGH MANHATTAN, GRABBED EVERY NEGRO THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON. BEAT THEM, BURNED THEM, HANGED THEM FROM LAMPPOSTS.

YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY.
I HAVE A FRIEND WHO'S A SPECIALIST.
FORMALDEHYDE. SANDMAN STINKS OF FORMALDEHYDE.
I'M AFRAID THE SMELL OF BLOOD AND FORMALDEHYDE IS ALWAYS WITH ME.
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DOCTOR OCTAVIUS, THE SCIENTIST WITH THE LAB ON ELLIS ISLAND?
OCTAVIUS IS OFF LIMITS.
MAYBE.
SO THERE *IS* SOMETHING.
THE BUREAU IS ON SHAKY GROUND RIGHT NOW. THE NEW ADMINISTRATION WANTED HOOVER OUT AND HE'S HANGING ON BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH.
IF WE STEP ON TOO MANY TOES, THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WILL SHUT US DOWN.
STEPPING ON TOES IS WHAT I DO BEST, AGENT. I CAN GO PLACES YOU CAN'T.
THE NAME'S JEAN DE WOLFE.
IN CASE YOU NEED TO GET HOLD OF ME.

CAN'T GO AFTER ROBBIE LIKE THIS. I NEED TO REST UP.
CAN'T GO HOME EITHER. AUNT MAY MUST BE WORRIED SICK. IF SHE SEES ME COVERED IN BRUISES...
IF SANDMAN HAD KILLED ME...
MROWWW
MEEOWWRR
HEY NOW, WHAT'S GOT YOU ALL SO SPOOKED?
PETER!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT FELICIA. SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME WANT TO TRUST HER. I TELL HER EVERYTHING. JUST LIKE BEN URICH USED TO.
I THINK ROBBIE IS ON ELLIS ISLAND.
DOCTOR OCTAVIUS IS MIXED UP IN THIS SOMEHOW.
AND THIS AGENT DE WOLFE SAYS THEY CAN'T TOUCH HIM?
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT OCTAVIUS?
HE'S TOO USEFUL, I GUESS. THE MAN *IS* A GENIUS.
FELICIA...
...DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT VERSION OF THE SANDMAN STORY, WHERE HE STEALS THE EYES OF CHILDREN WHO WON'T SLEEP?
THE SANDMAN IS DEAD, PETER.
GO TO SLEEP.
YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

FEELING BETTER?
I ALWAYS FEEL BETTER WHEN I SLEEP HERE.
GOOD. NOW LEAVE.
AND THEN YOU ALWAYS DO THAT.
I'M EXPECTING SOMEONE.
THE GUY WHO WAS HERE THE OTHER NIGHT?
HAVE YOU BEEN SPYING ON ME?
KNOK KNOK
IS THAT HIM?
GO. AND BE CAREFUL.
JUST A MINUTE!

HI, DOLL. YOU MISS ME?
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?
AH...IT'S NOTHING. SOME PUNK GOT IN MY WAY.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS. GOTTA SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS.
AND THAT WOULD BE YOU.
YOU STICK WITH ME, BABY. I'M ON MY WAY UP.
DID YOU THINK ABOUT MY OFFER?
FORTY-NINE PERCENT, SAMMY. THAT'S ALL I'M SELLING.
THE BLACK CAT CLUB IS MINE. ALWAYS HAS BEEN. ALWAYS WILL BE.
WHAT ABOUT THE GOBLIN?
NORMAN OSBORN SET ME UP HERE. HE LOANED ME THE MONEY.
I PAID HIM BACK.
YEAH... I HEARD.
I'M GONNA BE AS BIG AS OSBORN EVER WAS... BIGGER.
SURE, SAMMY...
...SURE YOU ARE.

LATER...
SAMMY, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COLORED PEOPLE DISAPPEARING IN HARLEM?
WHAT?
WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME?
I JUST THOUGHT...YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...YOU'VE GOT CONNECTIONS...
OH YEAH? WELL MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T THINK SO MUCH...
...AND KEEP THAT PRETTY NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS!
YOUR BUSINESS?

WHO'S BEEN HERE?
NO ONE. I--

IT WAS HIM! YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING ON ME WITH THAT FREAK!
KRASSH
YOU LIKE MASKS? IS THAT IT?
IS THAT WHAT GETS YOU HOT?
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE?
YOU LIKE THIS?

WHO IS HE? WHERE DO I FIND HIM?!
COME ON, YOU LITTLE TRAMP!
TELL ME!
SAMMY, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME THAT WILL MAKE ME TELL YOU ANYTHING.
YOU HEAR ME?
YEAH, I HEAR YOU.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT...?
I BELIEVE YOU.

THE OFFICE OF JOSEF ANSELL.
SAMMY?
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
I HAD SOME BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.
BUSINESS?! ARE YOU CRAZY?!
SANDMAN IS DEAD AND YOU CAME WITHIN A HAIR OF BEING ARRESTED.
I WANT EVERYTHING SHUT DOWN UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF. GET RID OF ANYTHING THAT COULD LEAD THE BUREAU TO ME.
WHAT ABOUT ELLIS ISLAND? YOU WANT THE LIVESTOCK SLAUGHTERED?
YES. KILL THEM ALL.
OCTAVIUS AIN'T GONNA LIKE THAT.
HE'LL LIKE DEATH ROW A WHOLE LOT LESS.
YOU CAN INFORM OCTAVIUS WE'LL START UP AGAIN IN A NEW LOCATION WHEN WE'VE DEALT WITH THE BUREAU.
NOW TELL ME ABOUT THIS SPIDER-MAN. HOW BIG A THREAT IS HE?
HE'S OVERRATED. SANDMAN BEAT HIM HALF TO DEATH BEFORE HE WAS PUT DOWN.

"WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE SPIDER-MAN."
COME HERE, GIRL. GIVE ME THE CUP.
YES, YES. THAT'S IT.
YOU SEE, CONNORS, SHE UNDERSTANDS.
SHE RETAINS FULL MOTOR ABILITIES AND LANGUAGE RECOGNITION. SHE SIMPLY HAS NO CONATIVE WILL.

AS LONG AS SHE IS REWARDED WITH THE BASIC COMFORTS, SHE WILL RESPOND TO COMMANDS.
HMM... PROVIDED SHE'S ALSO AWARE THAT FAILURE TO OBEY WILL BE PUNISHED.
ANY WORKING ANIMAL REQUIRES BASIC CONDITIONING, BUT I SHALL ALWAYS RECOMMEND THE MOST HUMANE TREATMENT.
A HEALTHY, WELL-CARED-FOR CREATURE ALWAYS GIVES THE BEST RETURN.
WE ARE NOT MONSTERS, DR. CONNORS.
MY GOD...
ROBBIE WAS RIGHT. OCTAVIUS IS INSANE. DOES HE REALLY THINK HE CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS IN AMERICA?

WHEN DE WOLFE LEARNS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL HAVE THE EXCUSE HE NEEDS TO RAID THIS PLACE.
HELLO?
IS SOMEONE THERE?
FIRST I HAVE TO FIND ROBBIE.
YOU'RE THE SPIDER-MAN!
YEAH. I KNEW THAT.
LET'S KEEP IT QUIET NOW, AND I'LL GET YOU ALL OUT OF HERE.
DO YOU THINK THE SIMPLIFIED PROCEDURE WILL BE AS EFFECTIVE?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.
A SIMPLE HOLE DRILLED DIRECTLY INTO THE FRONTAL LOBE.
HARDLY MORE COMPLEX THAN THE TREPANNING OPERATIONS PERFORMED FOR CENTURIES.

ROBBIE!
THANK GOD!
TODAY'S SUBJECT WILL LIVE A FRUITFUL AND CONTENTED LIFE WITHOUT THE CARES AND BURDENS THAT COME WITH FREE WILL.
ROBBIE, IT'S ME.
COME ON, I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE...
THE HELL WITH KEEPING MY IDENTITY SECRET. IF WE'D TRUSTED ONE ANOTHER FROM THE START, ROBBIE WOULD NEVER HAVE ENDED UP HERE.
I ALMOST ENVY HIM.
...EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY NOW.

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #4

ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK.
ROBBIE?
SPIDER-MAN: NOIR
EYES WITHOUT A FACE
PART 4: ENDLESS NIGHT

ROBBIE?
TOO LATE. I'M ALWAYS TOO LATE.
MISTER?
HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?
YES.
THEY ALL COME BACK LIKE THAT WHEN DOCTOR OCTAVIUS HAS FINISHED WITH THEM.
HE CAN'T TALK BUT HE'LL DO WHAT YOU TELL HIM.
ROBBIE, CAN YOU STAND UP?
I'M TAKING YOU HOME.
GLORIA'S WAITING FOR YOU.

ALL RIGHT, I WANT YOU ALL TO MOVE QUICKLY AND QUIETLY. ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE BUILDING WE'LL--
TOO LATE! WE AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
THEY'RE THE ONES WHO BROUGHT US HERE.
THE CRIME MASTER'S GOONS. WHY ARE THEY HERE NOW?
STOP THIS! THIS IS YEARS OF WORK. THIS IS MY LIFE!
ANSELL'S ORDERS, DOC. EVERYTHING HAS TO GO. EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER GOES IN THE INCINERATOR.
AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THE PRISONERS.
THE TEST SUBJECTS?
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
NO?
SNIKT

THAT WASN'T SO DIFFICULT, WAS IT?
YOU ANIMAL!
AND WHAT YOU DO IS ALL IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE? YOU'RE WORKING FOR A HIGHER PURPOSE, RIGHT, DOC?
LISTEN TO ME, YOU FILTHY LITTLE CRIPPLE!
THIS WHOLE OPERATION IS LIABLE TO GO PUBLIC IF WE DON'T GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, CHECK WITH ANSELL.
CALL HIM!
WHERE'S THE INCINERATOR, CONNORS?
THROUGH THERE.

JOSEF, WHAT THE *HELL* IS GOING ON?
THE CRIME MASTER IS HERE AND HE'S THREATENING TO--
I'M SORRY, OTTO. WE HAVE NO CHOICE.
I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT YOUR WORK IS TO ALL OF US, BUT IF MY POSITION BECOMES ENDANGERED...
WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO CARVE OUT THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY. I *CAN'T* JEOPARDIZE THAT.
I'VE ALREADY SET UP A NEW LABORATORY FOR YOU, WHERE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CONTINUE YOUR EXPERIMENTS.
IT'S IN A PLACE CALLED *TUSKEGEE* DOWN IN ALABAMA.
NO ONE WILL BOTHER YOU THERE.
WHAT ABOUT THE CRIME MASTER? I WILL NOT ASSOCIATE WITH THAT *PIG*--
*HE'S BECOMING A LIABILITY. REST ASSURED, ONCE THIS IS OVER, HE WILL BE **DEALT** WITH.*

WE GET RID OF ANIMALS IN THERE, TOO.
THROW HER IN.
LET'S SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES TO INCINERATE A HUMAN CORPSE.
THERE ARE AT LEAST TWO DOZEN PRISONERS.
THEN THE SOONER WE START THE BETTER.
SHOOT THEM IN THE CELLS. I DON'T WANT THEM RUNNING LOOSE.
NO GUNFIRE UP HERE. THE BASEMENT IS SOUNDPROOF BUT ANY SHOTS ABOVE GROUND WILL BRING THE TROOPS FROM THE DETENTION CENTER.

YOU HEARD THE MAN! NO GUNS!
THWIP
WHAP
YAAAH!
UNNFF!
UNNGH--
WAP

DAMN IT! HOW THE HELL DID THE SPIDER-MAN FIND US HERE?
THAT'S ENOUGH!
BACK OFF, BUG-MAN, OR I'LL KILL HIM LIKE I KILLED YOUR CAT-LOVING FLOOZIE.
FELICIA?
YOU KILLED FELICIA?!
FELICIA'S LOVER. IT WAS HIM. IT WAS HIM ALL ALONG.
HAD TO DO IT. I DON'T SHARE MY WOMEN.
SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS HOT STUFF BUT SHE WAS NEVER MORE THAN A STEP UP FROM THE GUTTER.
WE HAVE TO BLOW!

"A BOATLOAD OF HOOVER'S AGENTS JUST ARRIVED AT THE JETTY!"
GO HOLD THEM OFF!
WHY WOULD THEY DO THAT?
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S *KILLED* ANYONE HERE. IF THEY SHOOT SOME-ONE NOW, THEY'LL BE JOINING YOU ON DEATH ROW.
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.
WAIT! COME BACK HERE!
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING FOR YOUR BOAT. AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU.
I SAID DON'T MOVE!
YOU MOVE AND I'LL SLIT THIS ZOMBIE'S THROAT.

IF YOU LET GO OF YOUR HOSTAGE SO YOU CAN RUN FOR IT, THE SPIDER-MAN WILL TAKE YOU DOWN IN A SECOND.
QUITE A DILEMMA, ISN'T IT?
SHUT UP!
I DON'T HAVE THE LUXURY OF RUNNING AWAY, OF COURSE...
...BECAUSE I'M A CRIPPLE!
UKK!
NO!
ROBBIE! COME HERE!
GO FIND THE AGENTS. TAKE HIM WITH YOU.

I HEAR YOU ENJOY CUTTING YOUR VICTIMS. THEY TELL ME YOU'RE QUITE AN ARTIST.
YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.
PLEASE... HELP ME...

HUFF
WELL NOW-- I HOPE YOU'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME AFTER THAT.
A GOOD WORD?
AT MY TRIAL. IF THERE IS A TRIAL.
THIS WAS A GOVERNMENT PROJECT--AND I DO HAVE FRIENDS IN VERY HIGH PLACES.
THERE WON'T BE A TRIAL.
SNAP
SNAP

ARE YOU MAD?
YOU THINK THIS IS WORTH DYING FOR?!
YOU TELL ME...
IS IT?!
NOOO!
HUK-UKK
YOU'LL NEVER OPERATE ON ANYONE AGAIN, OCTAVIUS.
STOP!

LET HIM GO.
IF YOU KILL HIM, WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO WAS BEHIND THIS MESS.
HEY, *YOU* SENT FOR ME.
STAY OUT OF THIS, DE WOLFE.
WHAT?
YOUR GIRLFRIEND CALLED ME, TOLD ME WHAT WAS HAPPENING HERE.
I DIDN'T GET HER NAME.
FELICIA?
THE CRIME MASTER SAID SHE WAS DEAD.
THAT'S THE THING WITH THESE PSYCHOTIC MASS MURDERERS--
--YOU CAN'T TRUST A THING THEY TELL YOU.

THE SUN WAS RISING AS WE REACHED THE MANHATTAN DOCKS.
AGENT DE WOLFE!
MESSAGE FROM THE PORT AUTHORITY.
A BOATLOAD OF HOODLUMS HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY THE HARBOR PATROL.
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ROUNDED UP THE WHOLE BUNCH.
EXCEPT WHOEVER WAS PULLING THE STRINGS.
OCTAVIUS WILL TALK EVENTUALLY.
I HAVE TO GO SEE SOMEONE, ROBBIE. THESE PEOPLE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
GOOD LUCK. AND TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND THANKS.
I HATE TO LEAVE ROBBIE LIKE THIS, BUT I HAVE TO KNOW THAT FELICIA IS OKAY. I HAVE TO SEE HER, TO TELL HER HOW I FEEL.

LIPPY? WHERE'S FELICIA?
THE LADY ISN'T HERE.
WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS SHE?
PRIVATE CLINIC.
SHE GOT HURT, BUT SHE'LL RECOVER.
I HAVE TO SEE HER.
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SEE YOU.
NOT NOW.
NOT EVER.
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS, LIPPY!
NO. YOU LEAVE HER ALONE.
SHE GOT HURT BECAUSE OF YOU.

ONE MONTH LATER. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS. THE HOME OF CARVER AND ROBBIE ROBERTSON.
ROBBIE, YOU HAVE VISITORS.
PETER AND MAY. AND MARY JANE.
YOU REMEMBER MARY JANE WATSON?
HE DOESN'T REMEMBER ANY OF US. PHYSICALLY HE'S FINE, BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO HIS BRAIN.
PETER, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT OCTAVIUS?
HE'S NOT GOING TO STAND TRIAL.
WHAT?!
HE WAS RIGHT THERE WITH THE OPERATING EQUIPMENT. ALL THOSE WITNESSES.
THAT AGENT, DE WOLFE. HE CALLED. VERY APOLOGETIC.
GENUINELY APOLOGETIC, I THINK. HE SOUNDED LIKE A DECENT MAN.
THE WORLD IS FULL OF DECENT MEN.
APPARENTLY THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE A DEAL. OCTAVIUS WAS WORKING ON GOVERNMENT PROJECTS. A TRIAL WOULD EXPOSE STATE SECRETS.
HE'S BEING DEPORTED TO GERMANY.
HOW COULD THEY DO THAT?
DON'T THEY KNOW HE'LL KEEP ON WITH HIS SICK EXPERIMENTS?

I'M SORRY, ROBBIE.
I'M SO SORRY.
COME OUTSIDE. I NEED TO TALK TO YOU.
YOU HAVE TO STOP BLAMING YOURSELF.
THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE TO CHANGE WHAT HAPPENED.
I'M LOSING EVERYONE, MARY JANE.
ALL THE PEOPLE I CARE ABOUT.
I'M HERE FOR YOU.
THINGS ARE GOING TO GET BETTER.
NO. NO THEY AREN'T.
CAN'T YOU *FEEL* IT?
IT'S LIKE GLORIA SAID-- THE WORLD IS FULL OF DECENT PEOPLE, BUT THAT ISN'T ENOUGH, IS IT?
THERE'S SOMETHING COMING.
SOMETHING SO BAD ALL THE DECENT PEOPLE WILL BE *CRUSHED* LIKE INSECTS...

BERLIN. TEMPELHOF AIRPORT.
GOOD MORNING, HERR HIMMLER.
IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU IN PERSON AT LAST.
WHAT IS *THIS?*

I WAS LED TO BELIEVE YOU WERE IN A WHEELCHAIR AS THE RESULT OF AN INJURY.
MY CONDITION IS CONGENITAL. I--
GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT.
BUT, HERR HIMMLER, HIS RESEARCH COULD BE OF GREAT VALUE.
A DEFECTIVE HUMAN CAN ONLY PRODUCE DEFECTIVE IDEAS.
THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST VISION OF THE FUTURE DOES NOT INCLUDE DEVIANTS AND CRIPPLES.
"OUR GOAL IS A LAND PEOPLED BY A PURE NORDIC ARYAN RACE OF PERFECT MINDS IN PERFECT BODIES.
"EVERYTHING ELSE WILL BE SWEPT ASIDE."

FELICIA CAME BACK EVENTUALLY. SHE DOESN'T LEAVE THE APARTMENT AND SHE HAS NO VISITORS APART FROM LIPPY.
SHE SAID SHE NEVER WANTS TO SEE ME AGAIN AND I'LL RESPECT THAT, BUT I WATCH HER SOMETIMES AT NIGHT ON HER BALCONY, LOOKING OUT OVER THE CITY.
LIPPY TOLD ME HOW HE FOUND HER, THE PHONE IN HER HAND. SHE DIDN'T TELL DE WOLFE WHAT THE CRIME MASTER HAD DONE TO HER. SHE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW.
SHE WALKED WITH A STICK FOR A WHILE, BUT HER INJURIES ARE MOSTLY HEALED NOW...
THE BROKEN BONES ARE MENDED, HER DAMAGED ORGANS HAVE RECOVERED.

ONLY THE SCARS REMAIN.
THE END

EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE #1

New York, 1939.
The Roxy Movie Theater.
THIS SPECTACULAR FOOTAGE WAS SHOT THREE MONTHS AGO ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY--THE LAST TIME THE SPIDER-MAN WAS SEEN IN PUBLIC.
HERE WE SEE HIM BREAKING UP A DRUGSTORE ROBBERY. A FAR CRY FROM THE GANG BUSTING DAYS OF HIS EARLY CAREER.
WITH THE LAWLESS CHAOS OF PROHIBITION BEHIND US, AND WITH VICIOUS GANGSTERS LIKE AL CAPONE, JOHN DILLINGER, THE GOBLIN AND THE CRIME-MASTER DEAD OR BEHIND BARS, THE QUESTION MUST BE ASKED...
...IS THERE STILL A PLACE FOR A VIGILANTE LIKE THE SPIDER-MAN IN TODAY'S MODERN AMERICA?

HE'S THE ONE. THE WAY HE MOVES, THE SPEED, THE AGILITY.
THE BLOOD OF *ANANSI* FLOWS THROUGH HIS VEINS.
SO HOW DO WE FIND HIM? I HOPE YOU DON'T PLAN TO ROB A *DRUG-STORE* TO GET HIS ATTENTION.
I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. I CERTAINLY HAVE NO INTENTION OF SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE ENTERTAINING THE GREAT UNWASHED FROM A PUBLIC STAGE.
THE MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIO
APPEARING AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
LOOK, PA. *MYSTERIO THE MAGICIAN.*
HE CAN MAKE AN ELEPHANT *DISAPPEAR.*
YEAH?
CAN WE GO SEE HIM, PA? *CAN WE?*
I AIN'T GOT THE DOUGH TO WASTE ON SOME TWO-BIT CONJUROR.
HOW ABOUT THE *JUNGLELAND?* THEY'VE GOT A *THOUSAND* MONKEYS.
FRANK BUCK'S JUNGLELAND
FRANK BUCK
THEY'RE ALL ALIVE—at the NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
20 JUNGLE EXPEDITIONS
WILD CARGO
LORDS OF THE JUNGLE
A THOUSAND MONKEYS? NOW THAT'S *SOMETHING.* THAT I'D PAY TO SEE.
PASSED OVER FOR A *MONKEY?*

The New York World's Fair.
SO WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, LADIES?
HOW ABOUT THE DREAM OF VENUS OVER THERE? THEY SAY SALVADOR DALI IS A GENIUS.
SALVADOR DALI SAYS HE IS A GENIUS.
FREQUENTLY.
DON'T YOU LIKE SURREALIST ART, AUNT MAY?
MR. DALI MAY PUT A LOBSTER ON A NAKED WOMAN'S HEAD AND CALL IT ART, BUT HE DOESN'T FOOL ME.
THE MAN IS RUNNING A BURLESQUE SHOW.
WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS THE MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIO.
HOW ABOUT IT, MJ? LOBSTER ART OR A MAGIC SHOW?
MARY JANE HAS CHANGED SINCE SHE WENT TO SPAIN.
HMMM?
WE STILL GO OUT TOGETHER, BUT THERE'S A DISTANCE BETWEEN US.
WHILE I READ BOOKS AND TOOK EXAMS, SHE WENT TO WAR. THREE YEARS WITH THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE FIGHTING FOR THE REPUBLIC.
OH, MAGIC I THINK.
...AND SHE NEVER TALKS ABOUT IT.
YES. I THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME MAGIC.

THIS WAS A BAD IDEA. IT'S HOT IN HERE THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE AND MY HEAD IS POUNDING.
WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS IS THE MOST DANGEROUS FEAT OF ESCAPOLOGY EVER ATTEMPTED.
THE SPHERE OF DEATH!
MY SIXTH SENSE TELLS ME WHEN THERE'S DANGER, BUT I'VE BEEN FEELING IT CONSTANTLY FOR WEEKS NOW. A LOW-LEVEL, THROBBING PULSE.
HAVE NO FEAR THAT THE GREAT MYSTERIO WILL DROWN BEFORE HE FREES HIMSELF.
HE CAN HOLD HIS BREATH UNDER WATER FOR OVER SIX MINUTES.
IN EXACTLY THREE MINUTES, THIS GENERATOR WILL SEND 50,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH THE WATER KILLING ANYTHING INSIDE.
IT FEELS LIKE A WARNING THAT SOME TERRIBLE DANGER IS COMING. SOMETHING BIG.
THE CLOCK IS TICKING...
PETER? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH. IT'S NOTHING.
TOUCH OF MIGRAINE.

TWO MINUTES...
ONE MINUTE!
OH, DEAR.
FIVE SECONDS! FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE...
F-ZAASSSSHH
WITNESS THE POWER OF SORCERY OVER SCIENCE!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
...THE MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIO!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
THOSE POOR FISH.
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
HOW DO YOU THINK HE DID IT?
I HAVE NO IDEA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TELEVISION WORKS EITHER, OR DOCTOR EINSTEIN'S COSMIC RAYS. BUT I'M SURE PETER DOES.
HOW ABOUT IT, GENIUS? SMOKE AND MIRRORS?
THE "SMOKE" IS DRY ICE. THAT'S CONCENTRATED CARBON DIOXIDE, PRESSURIZED AND COMPRESSED INTO PELLETS. WHEN THEY'RE PLACED IN WATER, THEY REACT TO CREATE A DENSE GAS THAT DRIFTS AT GROUND LEVEL.
BUT IT DIDN'T SMELL LIKE DRY ICE.
WHEN HE REAPPEARED, HE WASN'T EVEN WET. SO...
HE NEVER WENT INTO THE WATER. HE MADE US THINK HE DID.
YOU DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA, DO YOU?
NOPE.
BUT IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU SMILE.

THREE YEARS IN *THE AMAZON RAINFOREST* LIVING IN MUD HUTS WITH BUGS AND SNAKES, EATEN ALIVE BY MOSQUITOES, TO LEARN HOW TO COOK UP THESE DAMNED FUMES...
...AND WE WASTE IT ON THAT BUNCH OF *RUBES*.
USE IT ON *WILSON FISK* AND WE COULD *RUN* THIS TOWN.
SURE. THEN HE FIGURES IT OUT. HE SENDS A TRIGGER-MAN WEARING A GAS MASK AND YOU AND I ARE A COUPLE OF BEAUTIFUL CORPSES.
NO, I PREFER FISK AS A WILLING PARTNER FOR NOW.
ONCE WE FIND THE SPIDER-MAN AND HIS BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS, FISK WILL SEE WHAT REAL POWER IS...
...THEN WE'LL SEE A NEW KINGPIN OF CRIME IN THIS CITY. BIGGER THAN THE GOBLIN, BIGGER THAN THE CRIME-MASTER...
EXCUSE ME, SIR. A MR. WILSON FISK--
EVENING, BECK. I FOUND SOMEONE YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO TALK TO.

SO YOU'RE *THE OX.* I HEAR YOU'RE THE LAST LIVING MEMBER OF THE GOBLIN'S OUTFIT.
I T-TOLD HIM ALREADY. TOLD HIM E-EVERYTHING I KNOW.
NOW YOU CAN TELL *ME.* BACK IN 1933, THE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF THE STATUE THE GOBLIN SMUGGLED FROM AFRICA...
YEAH. THEY SWARMED ALL OVER *FANCY DAN...* H-HE WAS COVERED WITH THEM...BITING HIM... HE WAS SCREAMING LIKE A GIRL.
"IT DIDN'T LAST LONG... A COUPLE OF MINUTES... HE WAS DEAD...SWELLED UP LIKE A BALLOON.
"WE CAUGHT AS MANY OF THE SPIDERS AS WE COULD. THE GOBLIN KEPT THEM IN A GLASS CASE UNTIL THE SPIDER-MAN SMASHED IT. I GUESS THEY ALL DIED. I NEVER HEARD OF THEM SINCE."
AND YOU'RE QUITE SURE THE SPIDER-MAN APPEARED THE DAY AFTER THE SPIDERS CAME OUT OF THE TOTEM?
YEAH, I'M SURE.
Y-YOU GONNA LET ME GO NOW?
TELL ME ABOUT *FELICIA HARDY.*

MISS HARDY DOES NOT RECEIVE VISITORS.
SHE'LL SEE US.
MY JEWELRY IS IN THE BEDSIDE CABINET. TAKE IT.
I DON'T HAVE MUCH USE FOR IT.
PLEASE. DON'T INSULT ME. I'M NOT A PETTY THIEF.
THEY SAY YOU WERE THE SPIDER-MAN'S LOVER.
"THEY" SAY A LOT OF THINGS.
TAKE THE MASK OFF. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE HIDING.
GET AWAY FROM HER!
BLAM

DAMMIT! NOW LOOK WHAT HE MADE ME DO...
ERIC!
THE MASK.
HELL'S TEETH! WHO DID THAT TO YOU?
THE LAST MAN WHO THOUGHT I COULD LEAD HIM TO THE SPIDER-MAN.
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HER THAT HASN'T ALREADY BEEN DONE.
SHE ISN'T GOING TO TELL YOU A DAMNED THING.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO TELL US WHERE HE IS. WE HAVE HER.
THE SPIDER-MAN WILL COME TO US.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THIS?
IN A SPECIAL SHOW THIS THURSDAY, THE MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIO CHALLENGES THE OUTLAW KNOWN AS THE SPIDER-MAN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE MASKED CAT LADY.
THE SPIDER-MAN MUST MAKE A BLOOD SACRIFICE TO THE SPIRIT OF ANANSI, OR THE MASKED WOMAN WILL BE SACRIFICED IN HIS PLACE.
THE DAILY BUGLE
EUROPE ON THE BRINK OF WAR!
HMMPH. TICKET SALES MUST BE DOWN IF HE'S STOOPING TO SENSATIONAL NONSENSE LIKE THAT.
LET ME SEE.
THE MAGNIFICENT MYSTERIO
BLOOD SACRIFICE!
I DON'T THINK TOO MUCH OF THAT VIGILANTE, BUT EVEN SO, I'M SURPRISED HE'S GETTING HIMSELF INVOLVED.
OH, ANYONE CAN DRESS UP IN A COSTUME. I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT THE REAL SPIDER-MAN WOULD EVEN THINK OF TAKING PART IN A MAGIC SHOW.
LADIES, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME. I HAVE AN ESSAY ON NUCLEAR FUSION TO FINISH. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, MJ.
FELICIA IS MISSING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MYSTERIO'S GAME IS BUT FOR NOW I'LL HAVE TO PLAY ALONG.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE SHE WENT?
I JUST MANAGE HER CLUB, PAL. SHE DIDN'T TELL ME A THING. JUST UP AND LEFT. YOU WANNA LEAVE A MESSAGE?
NO MESSAGE.
THE PAIN IN MY HEAD ISN'T A DULL THROB ANYMORE. IT'S MORE LIKE THE POUNDING OF A JACKHAMMER.

Thursday, August 31, 1939.
THE WRATH OF THE SPIDER-GOD *ANANSI* MUST BE APPEASED. ARE YOU OUT THERE, SPIDER-MAN?
WILL YOU GIVE YOUR *OWN BLOOD* IN SACRIFICE TO SAVE THIS *INNOCENT* WOMAN?
EVERYONE IMAGINES THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN STAGED. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE WOULD ACTUALLY *KILL* FELICIA IN PUBLIC...
...BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE
DROP THE KNIFE, MYSTERIO. YOU WON'T BE NEEDING IT.
WELCOME, SPIDER-MAN. I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD JOIN US.
DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS.
MY DEAR BOY, I'M A *MAGICIAN*. TRICKS ARE WHAT I DO.
ELLA, IF YOU PLEASE...

WHAT IS THIS?
DIZZY...IT WASN'T DRY ICE...SOME KIND OF GAS...
HEAD SPINNING...HAVE TO GET THIS DONE FAST...
I'M RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU, SPIDER-MAN. TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT.
WHA--?
NOTHING THERE...THIS IS HOW HE FOOLS THE AUDIENCE. SOME KIND OF HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.
WAP

OBSERVE!
THE SPIDER-MAN IS HELPLESS TO RESIST AS MY ASSISTANT EXTRACTS THE BLOOD OFFERING.
WE OFFER UP THE BLOOD OF THE SPIDER-MAN TO ANANSI, LORD OF SPIDERS, AS A TOKEN OF OUR RESPECT.
NOW I CHALLENGE THE SPIDER-MAN TO MATCH MY OWN FEAT AND ESCAPE FROM THE COFFIN BEFORE IT FILLS WITH WATER.
BEHIND THIS CURTAIN, A MAN IS STRUGGLING FOR HIS LIFE. IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, THE PANIC THAT FILLS HIS MIND.
HOW ABOUT THAT, MR. FISK? HE DID IT! SOME NERVE ON THE GUY.
HE KILLS THE SPIDER-MAN IN FRONT OF FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE AND BLAMES IT ON FAULTY EQUIPMENT.

WATER'S REVIVING ME...STILL WEAK... CHAINS TOO TIGHT... GOING TO DROWN, UNLESS...
TEN MINUTES! ANY NORMAL HUMAN BEING WOULD HAVE DROWNED BY NOW, BUT THE SPIDER-MAN IS NO *ORDINARY* MORTAL...
MY WEBBING HAS TRAPPED ENOUGH AIR TO KEEP ME ALIVE. I CAN FEEL MY STRENGTH RETURNING...
WHAT--?
WHAT'S THAT ON HIS FACE?

KERRAASSHH
SHOW'S OVER, MYSTERIO.
NOT YET! THIS AUDIENCE CAME TO SEE A SACRIFICE AND I ALWAYS GIVE MY PUBLIC WHAT THEY PAY FOR.
YOU REALLY DO HAVE A POOR OPINION OF NEW YORKERS.
PERSONALLY I THINK THIS IS WHAT THEY CAME TO SEE.
WAP
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DUE TO THE UNEXPECTED SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN SACRIFICE PROMISED THIS EVENING, MYSTERIO WILL BE PERSONALLY MAKING A FULL REFUND ON ALL TICKETS.

ARE YOU OKAY, FELICIA? DID HE HURT YOU?
THEY KILLED LIPPY.
NO! NOT NOW!
AAARGGHHH!
WHAT'S WRONG?
MY HEAD! FEELS LIKE IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!
THE DANGER I SENSED. IT WASN'T MYSTERIO. WHATEVER IT IS...
...IT'S HERE!
LOOK AT YOU. WHAT A DEPRESSING LITTLE CREATURE YOU ARE. HARDLY WORTH THE KILLING.

MY WEBS AREN'T GOING TO STOP THIS GUY.
BACK OFF! DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS.
A HANDHELD, PROJECTILE-FIRING REVOLVER. HRRRRR!
PERHAPS I'LL KEEP IT IN MEMORY OF YOU.
TZZZZZZT
WHAT?
WE REALLY HAVE TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS.
YOU AGAIN!
PORTAL CHARGED AND READY, DOCTOR.
TAKE A DEEP BREATH. THIS IS GOING TO FEEL STRANGE.
WHO THE HELL ARE--
NOOO!
TZZZZZT
EVERYTHING'S FADING! IS THIS THE GAS? AM I STILL HALLUCINATING?

I'LL TRACK YOU DOWN, SPIDER-MAN. I'LL FIND YOU ALL AND I WILL DEVOUR YOU!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
THE BLOOD! WHERE IS THE SPIDER-MAN'S BLOOD?!
THAT WAS THE GREATEST SHOW EVER.
MISS, COULD I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

HEADACHE'S GONE. DOES THAT MEAN THE DANGER IS OVER?
WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'RE STILL IN NEW YORK. IT'S THE FUTURE. THE YEAR 2099, TO BE PRECISE.
AS TO WHAT HAPPENED...
SHORT VERSION... THE NAZIS LOST THE WAR, TELEVISION GOT REALLY BIG, AND THEN THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC YOU JUST MET DECIDED TO TRAVEL THROUGHOUT TIME, SPACE AND THE MULTIVERSE TO WIPE OUT EVERY LAST ONE OF US.
SO I CALLED A MEETING.
CONTINUED IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN: EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE TPB

SPIDER-VERSE TEAM-UP #1

New York City, 2014.
ANOTHER REALITY...
WHEN I BECAME THE SPIDER-MAN, I THOUGHT I WAS UNIQUE.
THAT WAS BEFORE I WAS PLUCKED OUT OF MY OWN TIME BY A FUTURE SPIDER-MAN.
IT SEEMS THERE ARE SPIDER-MEN SCATTERED ACROSS AN INFINITE NUMBER OF REALITIES...
...LIKE THIS SIX-ARMED MARVEL I'VE BEEN PARTNERED WITH.
AL HOSP
OUR SELF-APPOINTED SUPERIOR SENT US OFF TO FIND AND ENLIST THIS WORLD'S SPIDER-MAN FOR A WAR AGAINST A CLAN OF MURDEROUS "INHERITORS" WHO WANT TO WIPE US ALL OUT.
BUT THIS PETER PARKER IS IN NO SHAPE TO HELP.
JUST OUR LUCK.
"The Luck of the Parkers"
ACCORDING TO LOCAL NEWS MY PHONE ACCESSED, THIS PETE HAD A HUGE ALLERGIC REACTION TO HIS SPIDER-BITE.
HE'S BEEN ON LIFE SUPPORT FOR WEEKS. THAT ARM OF HIS IS A WEIRD SIDE-EFFECT.
AND HERE'S A BIT OF IRONY...

"...HIS AUNT AND UNCLE HAVE PRACTICALLY BEEN LIVING HERE.
"AND DURING THE VIGIL, THEIR HOUSE WAS BURGLED..."
...SO THIS PETE'S CONDITION LED TO HIS UNCLE BEN NOT BEING KILLED.
THEN AT LEAST HE DID SOME GOOD.
WE SHOULD GO.
NOTHING MORE FOR US TO DO HERE.
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. THIS PETE IS STILL A SPIDER-TOTEM, SO HE'S STILL A TARGET.
HE'LL STILL EVENTUALLY ATTRACT KARN, OR HIS CRAZY SIBLINGS.
WE CAN'T LET THE BAD GUYS CLAIM MORE LIFE FORCE! BESIDES, MAY AND BEN--AND WHO KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS--COULD BE INJURED.
RIGHT. CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST PUT THE POOR LITTLE FREAK OUT OF HIS MISERY--!
HEY! I KNOW YOU'RE FROM THE 1930s, BUT WE DO NOT USE THE F-WORD HERE! GOT THAT?
SORRY, KID--I MEANT NO OFFENSE.
KID?! LOOK, "BOGART"--
--I'M AS MUCH A SPIDER-MAN AS YOU. AND WE'RE NOT PUTTING LI'L PETE "OUT OF HIS MISERY."
SNAP!
I HAVE AN IDEA. YOU WEARING THAT TRANSCEIVER I GAVE YOU?
YES. AND IT MAKES MY EAR ITCH.

LIVE WITH IT. YOU STAY AND STAND GUARD--
--I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
NOT SO LOUD, OKAY?
AMAZING. THE LAST I SAW OF HOME WAS THE '39 WORLD'S FAIR. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN SINCE PUT THAT "WORLD OF TOMORROW" TO SHAME.
I WONDER WHAT THE KID HAS UP HIS SLEEVES.
THAT'S IT. KEEP GOING.
... LEAVING THE LAB NOW. MEET YOU IN THE CAFETERIA.
NOW LET'S FIND LI'L PETE'S BLOOD WORK...
AH, THERE IT IS.
NOW IF THIS LAB HAS THE CHEMICALS I NEED, WE'RE IN BUSINESS...
I DON'T REMEMBER MY AUNT MAY OR UNCLE BEN EVER LOOKING SO YOUNG.
IN MY DAY, PEOPLE TRIED TO LOOK OLDER. IN THESE FUTURE WORLDS, EVERYONE TRIES TO LOOK YOUNGER.

YOU THERE, BOGART?
WHY DOES HE KEEP CALLING ME THAT?
WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE? WHERE ARE YOU?
HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO--
--WAIT!
THAT TINGLING SENSATION-- THERE'S DANGER NEARBY
INSIDE THE HOSPITAL?!
BEN! HE'S MOVING!
THANK GOD.
PETER, CAN YOU HEAR US?
OH, NO-- NO!
ZZAK-AK AK
OUR "TWIN" IS CONVULSING! HE'S SMASHING EVERYTHING--
--ALL THESE BUCK ROGERS MACHINES!
LIGHTS ARE DIMMING--!
HERE, TOO.
OH, MAN...

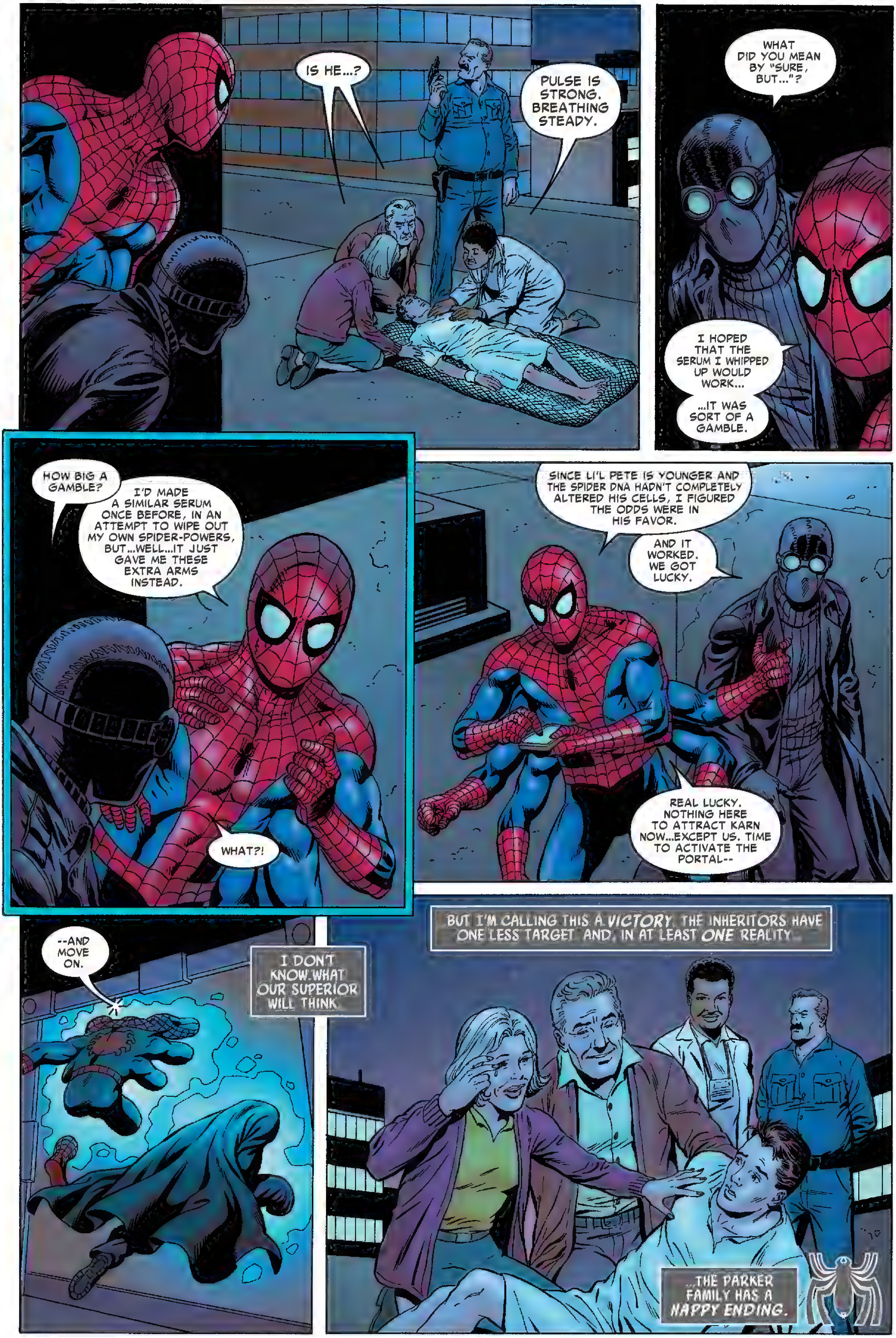
"...THIS CANNOT BE GOOD."
DOCTOR! COME QUICK!
UURRGH?!
PETER...?
NO. NOT GOOD AT ALL.
KRKSHH
DO US ALL A FAVOR...
OH--!
...DON'T FIGHT THIS.
KID, DO YOU READ ME? OUR TWIN'S AWAKE AND...
...AND CHANGING! I'M GETTING HIM OUT OF HERE.
WHAT? WHERE'RE YOU TAKING HIM?

FOR NOW? THE ROOF!
LORD, HE'S STRONG! HE'S RIPPING FREE OF MY WEBBING AS IF IT'S TISSUE PAPER
TRY TO STAY CALM, PETER.
I KNOW THIS IS WEIRD FOR YOU. IT'S WEIRD FOR ALL OF US.
RRAURRH!
KID? I COULD USE SOME HELP ABOUT NOW--!
HERE I COME TO SAVE THE--
--WHOA!
THAT'S LI'L PETE?!
NOT SO LITTLE ANYMORE.
HI, GUY!
GOT YOUR NOSE!
OOP, SORRY! SOMEONE BEAT ME TO IT!
WHAT IS HE UP TO...?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THERE'S A SPIDER ON YOUR BACK!
URR?
RELAX. THIS'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!
OR NOT.
GRAUHR!
OH BOY.
GO LIMP! I'LL-- WUNGH!
LIKE TRYING TO CATCH AN OCTOPUS
THAT... COULD HAVE GONE BETTER.
YEAH. AND IT'S TOO BAD.

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
WHAT I'D WANT SOMEONE TO DO FOR ME.
NO!
NO GUNS! JUST CHILL--
--LOOK!
WHAT THE DEVIL--?!
HE'S MOLTING, BOGART--
--AND FALLING!
I'LL BE DAMNED.
UPSY-DAISY!
IS HE...?
SEE FOR YOURSELF.

PETER...?
WHA...? WHO...?
THINK OF US AS COUSINS.
AW, POOR GUY...
...HE'S ALL TUCKERED OUT.
BUT HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY?
BETTER THAN OKAY! HE'S NORMAL! SCANS SHOW NO SIGN OF THE SPIDER-ESSENCE. IT'S GONE!
GIVE ME A HAND. I'LL WEB HIM A LITTLE COT.
CRAZY SERUM ACTUALLY WORKED.
YOU SEEM SURPRISED. WASN'T THAT YOUR PLAN?
WELL, SURE, BUT...
HOLD THE PHONE.
OUR SPIDER-SENSES GIVE US WARNING AND JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TAKE COVER.
EVERYONE STAY BACK UNTIL--!
PETER!



CONTINUED IN *SPIDER-VERSE TPB*

SPIDER-GEDDON: SPIDER-MAN NOIR VIDEO COMIC

1940.
New York.
"FOR MOST AMERICANS THE WAR IN EUROPE SEEMED A LONG WAY OFF.
"BUT FOR SOME OF US IT WAS ABOUT TO ARRIVE...
"...SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK CITY!"

LET'S TRY THIS *WITHOUT* GUNS.

SEE? THAT WORKS.
HEY!

WHAT THE...?
BRAKAKA KAKAKA
FSSHHHH
DID YOU JUST *POISON* HIM?
STILL SQUEAMISH ABOUT KILLING THE BAD GUYS?
DON'T WORRY, HE'S JUST PARALYZED FOR A WHILE.

SHULTZ ENTERPRISE
FELICIA? IS THAT YOU?
SHH, NO REAL NAMES.
YOU'RE THE *SPIDER-GUY*, I'M THE *WHITE WIDOW*.
SPIDER-*MAN*.
AND, YOU KNOW, FOR COVERT OPERATIONS A *BLACK* COSTUME WOULD MAKE MORE SENSE.
YET *YOU'RE* THE ONE THEY SPOTTED.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
COINCIDENCE?
OR DID WE BOTH HEAR ABOUT SHULTZ'S MEETING WITH THE NAZI?

THIS MEETING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SECRET, SHULTZ!
THIS IS PERFECT. YOU WANTED A DEMONSTRATION OF HOW THE SUIT WORKS?
WATCH AND LEARN.
HA!

ZZZZTT
KAZOW!
AAAAH!!!
OOF.
CRAK!
CREEEEAK

WITH THESE SUITS, EVERY MAN IN YOUR ARMY WILL BECOME A SUPER-SOLDIER.
THE WAR IN EUROPE WILL BE OVER IN A MONTH.
SHULTZ ENTERPRISES
WHAT KIND OF AMERICAN WOULD GIVE THE NAZIS A WEAPON LIKE THAT?
AMERICA ISN'T IN THIS WAR. I'M A BIG FAN OF THE FREE MARKET. I SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.
YOU'RE THE ONES BREAKING THE LAW HERE. TRESPASSING, ASSUALT...
I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET.
KSSH
YOU THINK I WOULDN'T HAVE GAS FILTERS?
THAT SUIT WILL KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE. I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN!

KZZZOT!
AAAH!!!
THE SUIT IS A TOOL. TOOLS DON'T KILL PEOPLE.
PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE.
STOP, SHULTZ, OR--
AAAAAH!!!
KZZZZZZTTTT
UNGH!
WHAM
SPLASH
HUH?

COME ON, BIG MAN.
GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT.
HAH!
KRAK!
THWIP!
YANK

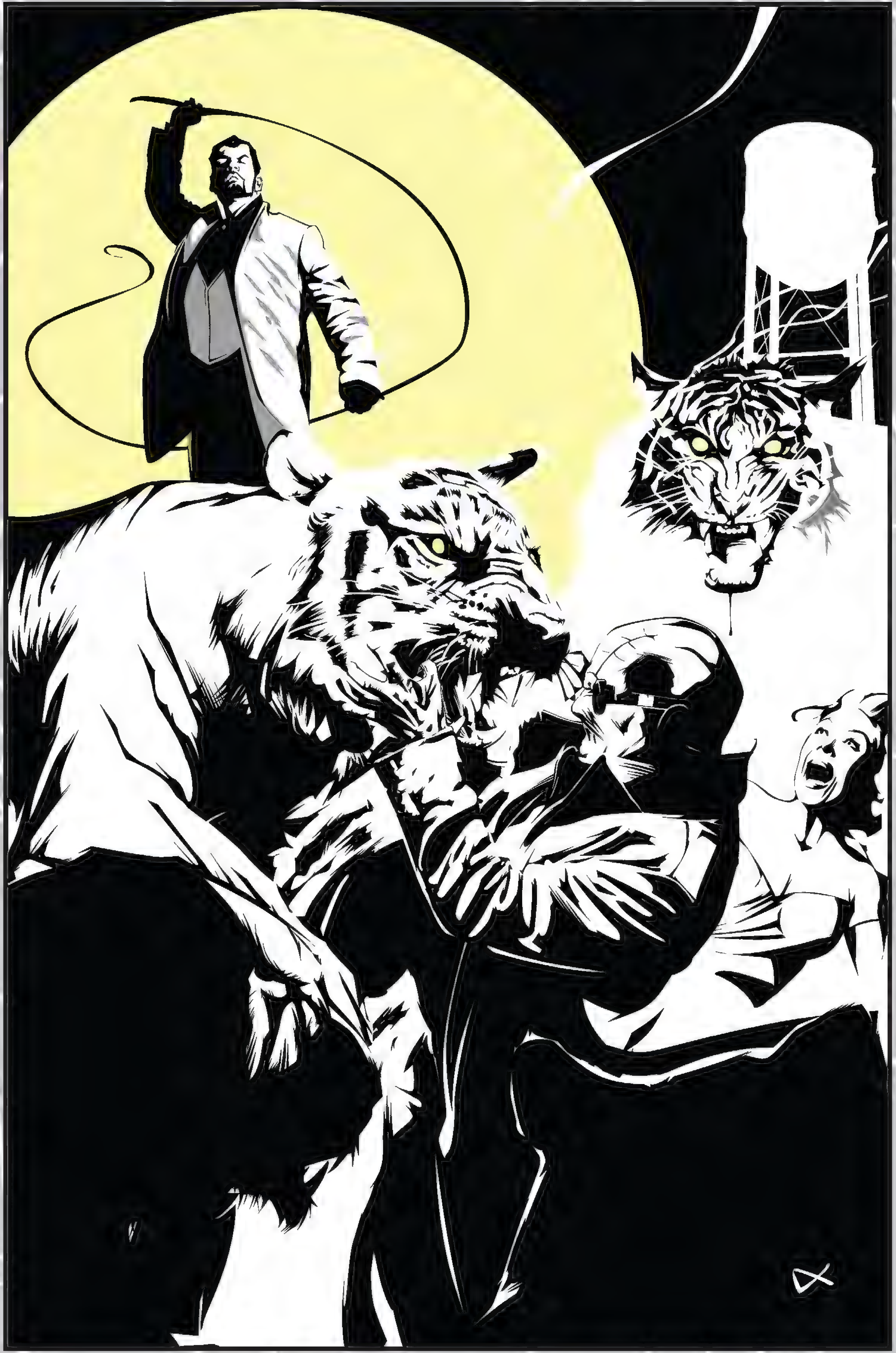
OH, NO.
BZZZOW!
NO WAY.
I...I...
FZZZT
SNAP
...OUGHTA...
KPOW
THUD!

SHULTZ ENTERPRISES
LOOKS LIKE YOU BLEW A FUSE, SHOCKER.
FWASH
HUH?
UH... DID I COME AT A BAD TIME?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?
THAT'S SPIDER-UK.
THEY HAVE A SPIDER-BRIT NOW? WHAT IS THIS, A FRANCHISE?
SORRY, MATE. WE NEED YOU. IT'S PRETTY URGENT.
AGAIN?
WHITE WIDOW, THINK YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE?
OH, I'D SAY SO...
NO... NO!
WHAM!
END!

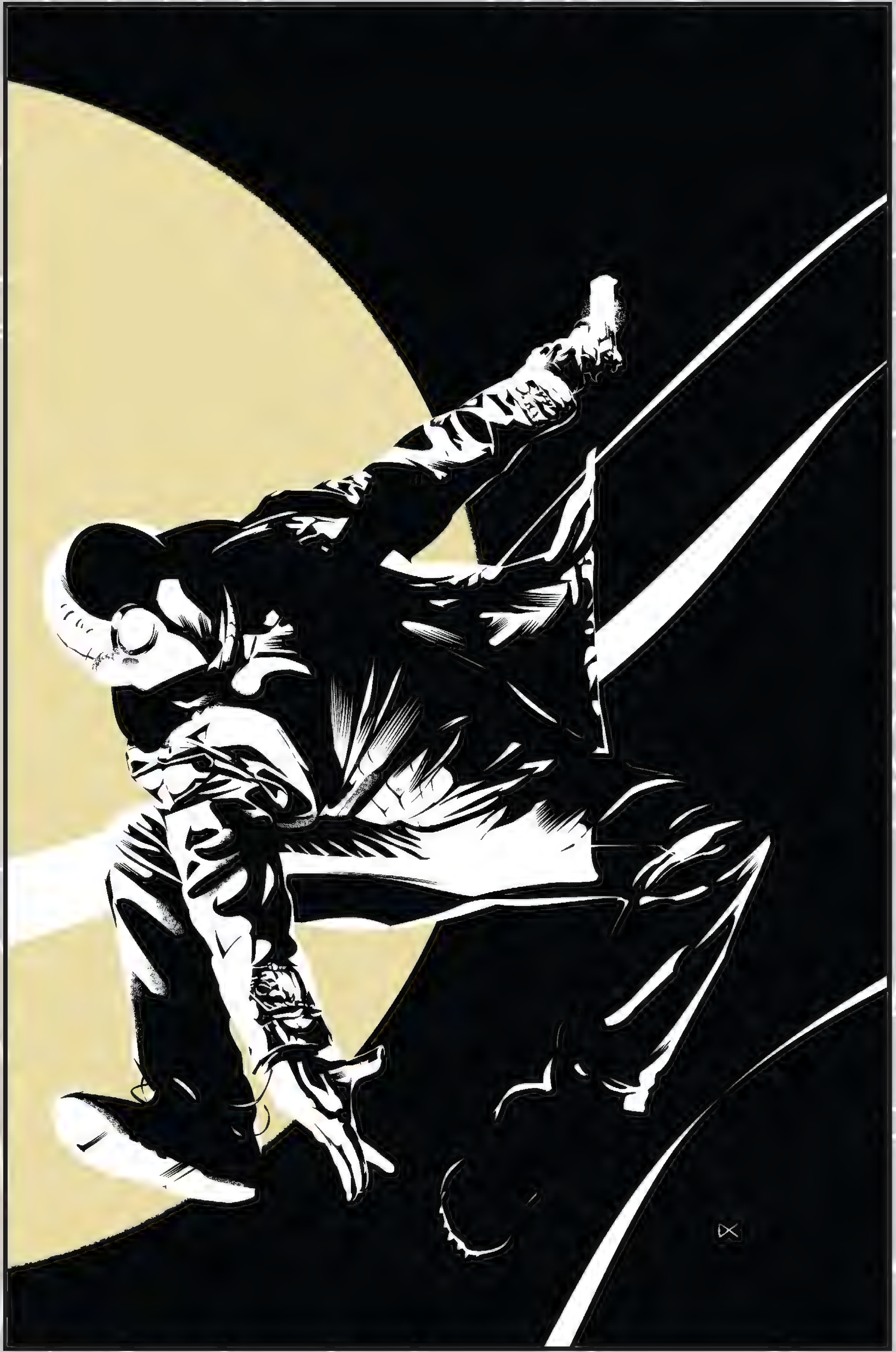
SPIDER-MAN NOIR #1 VARIANT BY **DENNIS CALERO**

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #2 VARIANT BY **DENNIS CALERO**

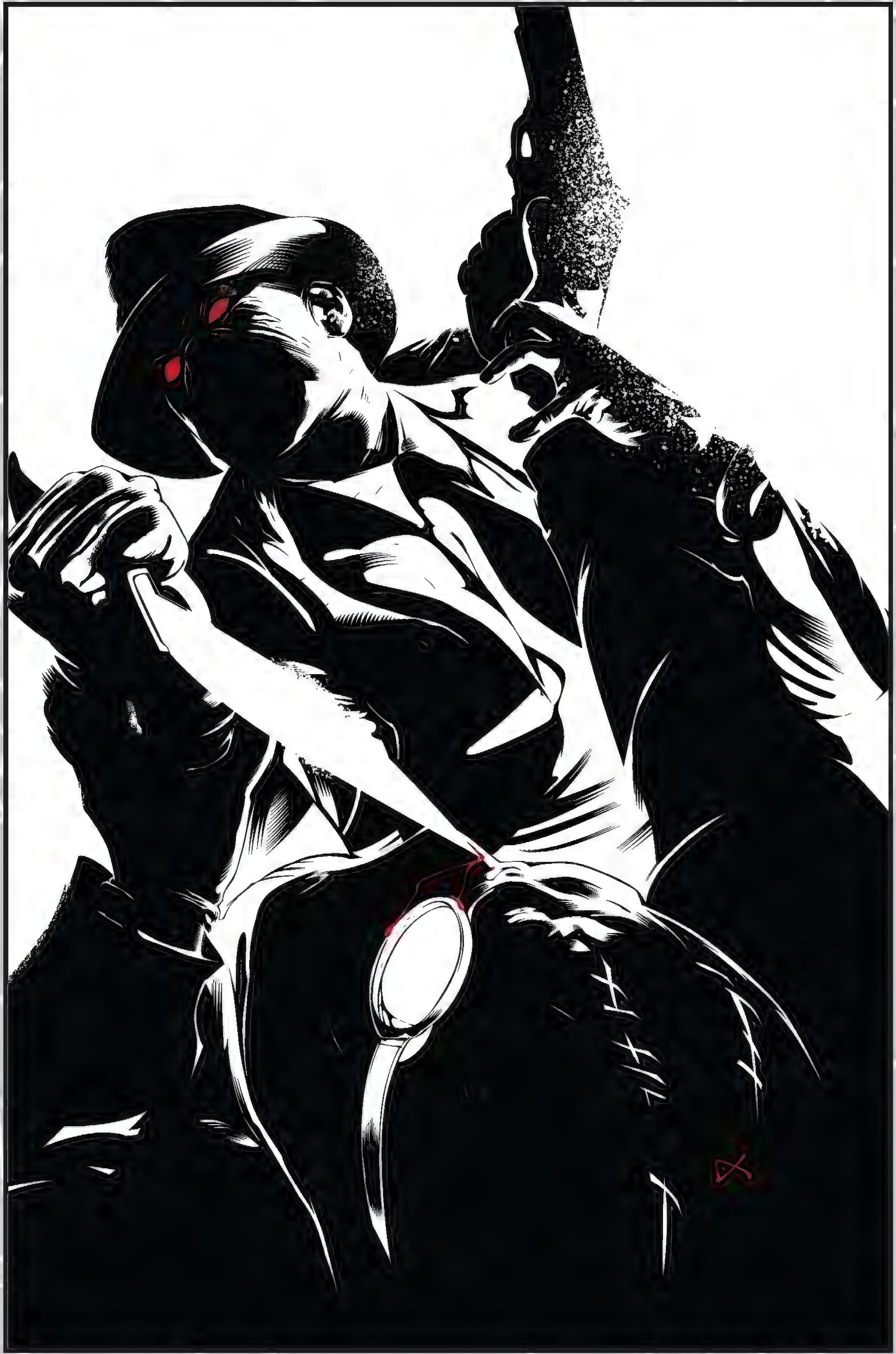
SPIDER-MAN NOIR #3 VARIANT BY **DENNIS CALERO**



SPIDER-MAN NOIR #4 VARIANT BY **DENNIS CALERO**

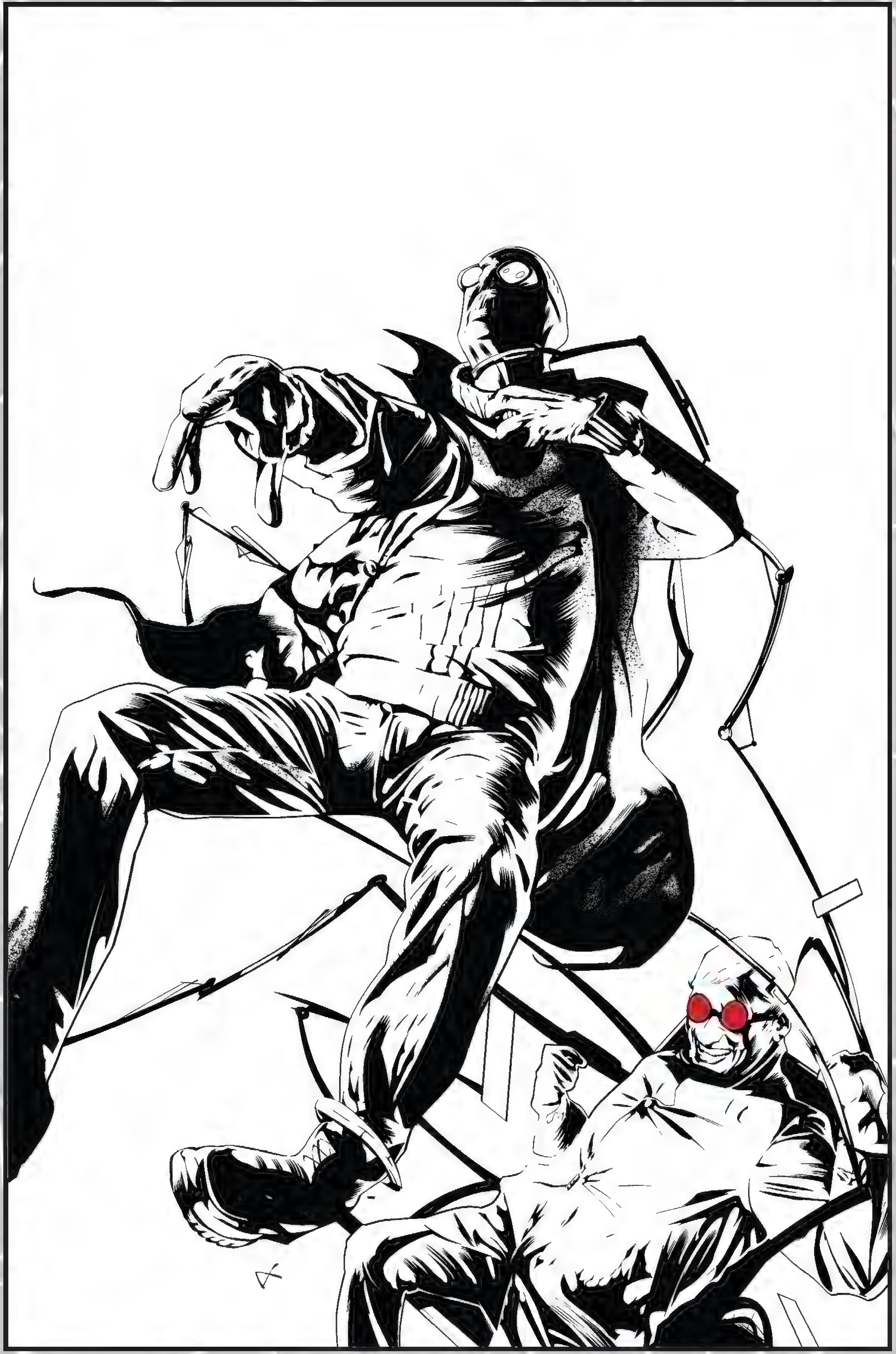


SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #1 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO



SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #2 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #3 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO

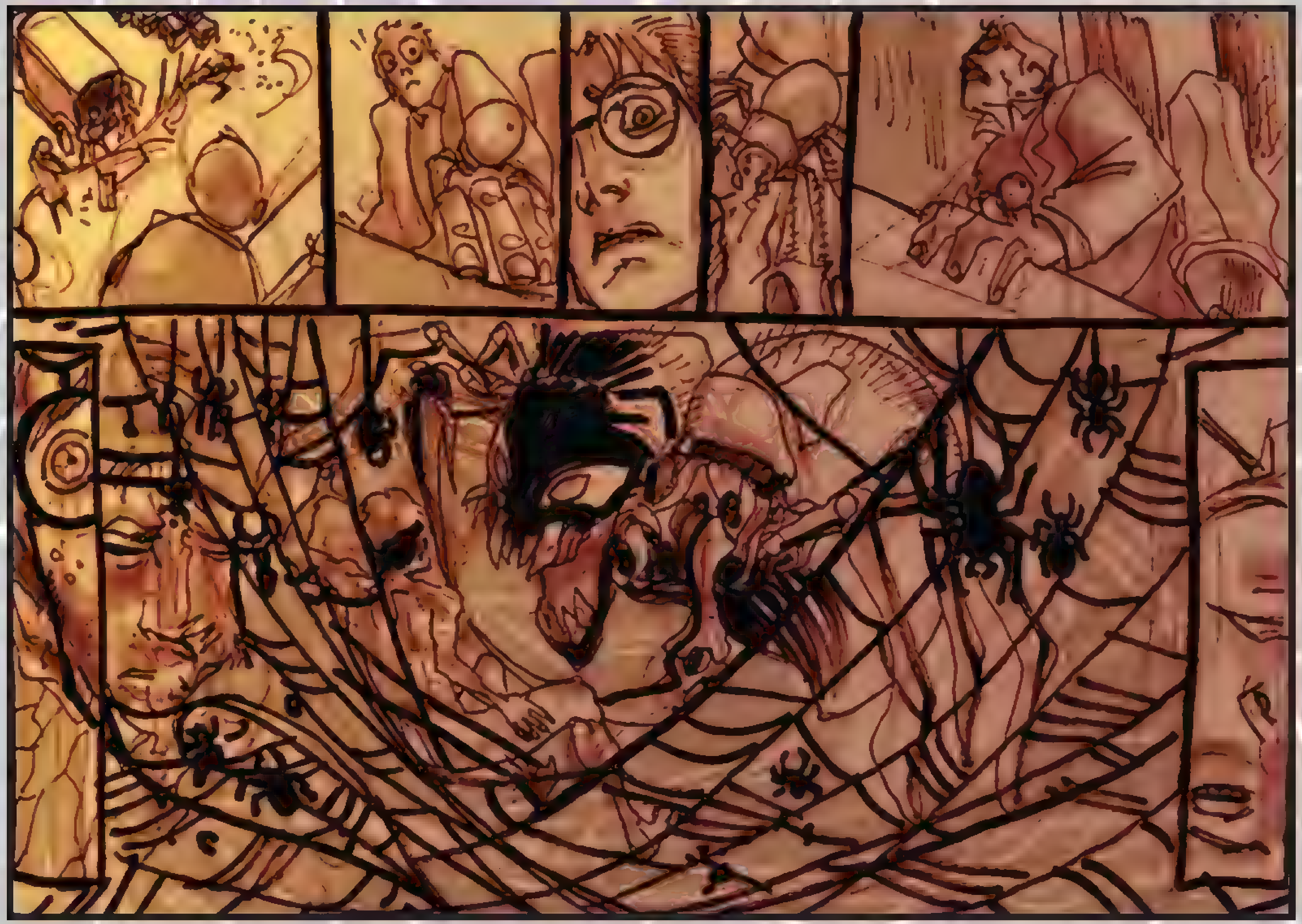


SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE #4 VARIANT BY DENNIS CALERO

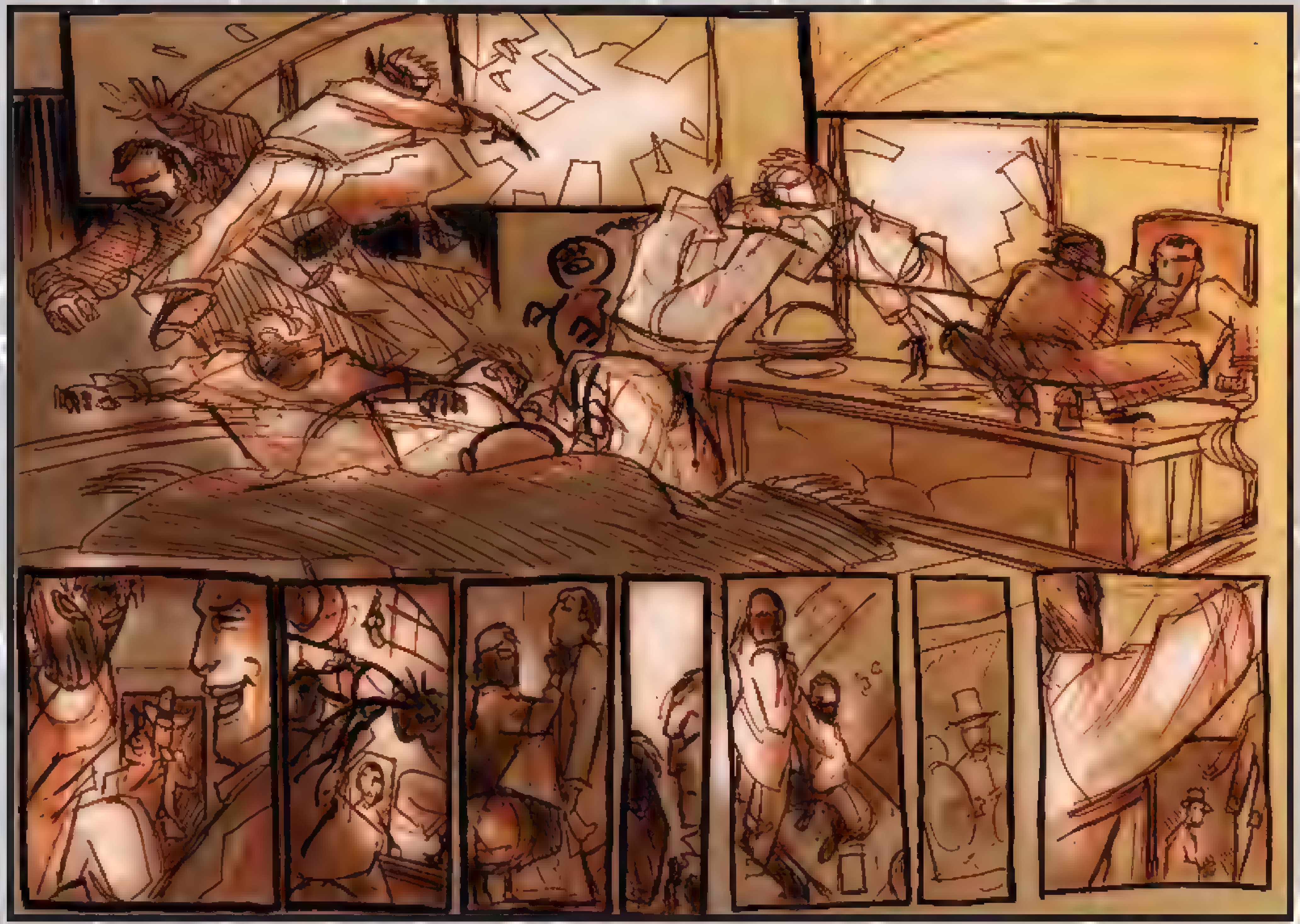
EDGE OF SPIDER-VERSE #1 VARIANT BY **GREG LAND, JAY LEISTEN & MORRY HOLLOWELL**

SPIDER-VERSE TEAM-UP #1 VARIANT BY **DAVE RAPOZA**

ISSUE #2, PAGES 8-9



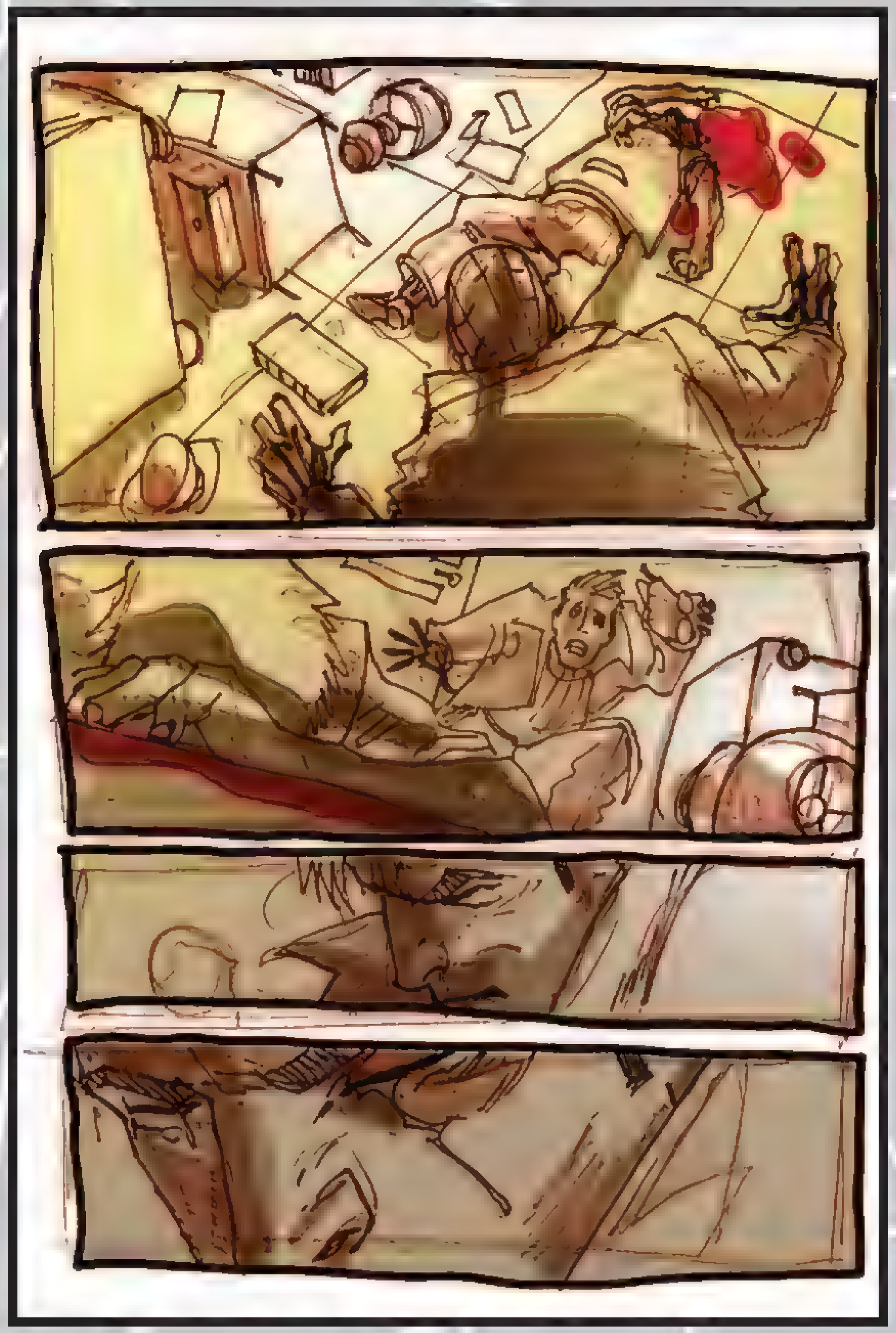
ISSUE #2, PAGES 14-15



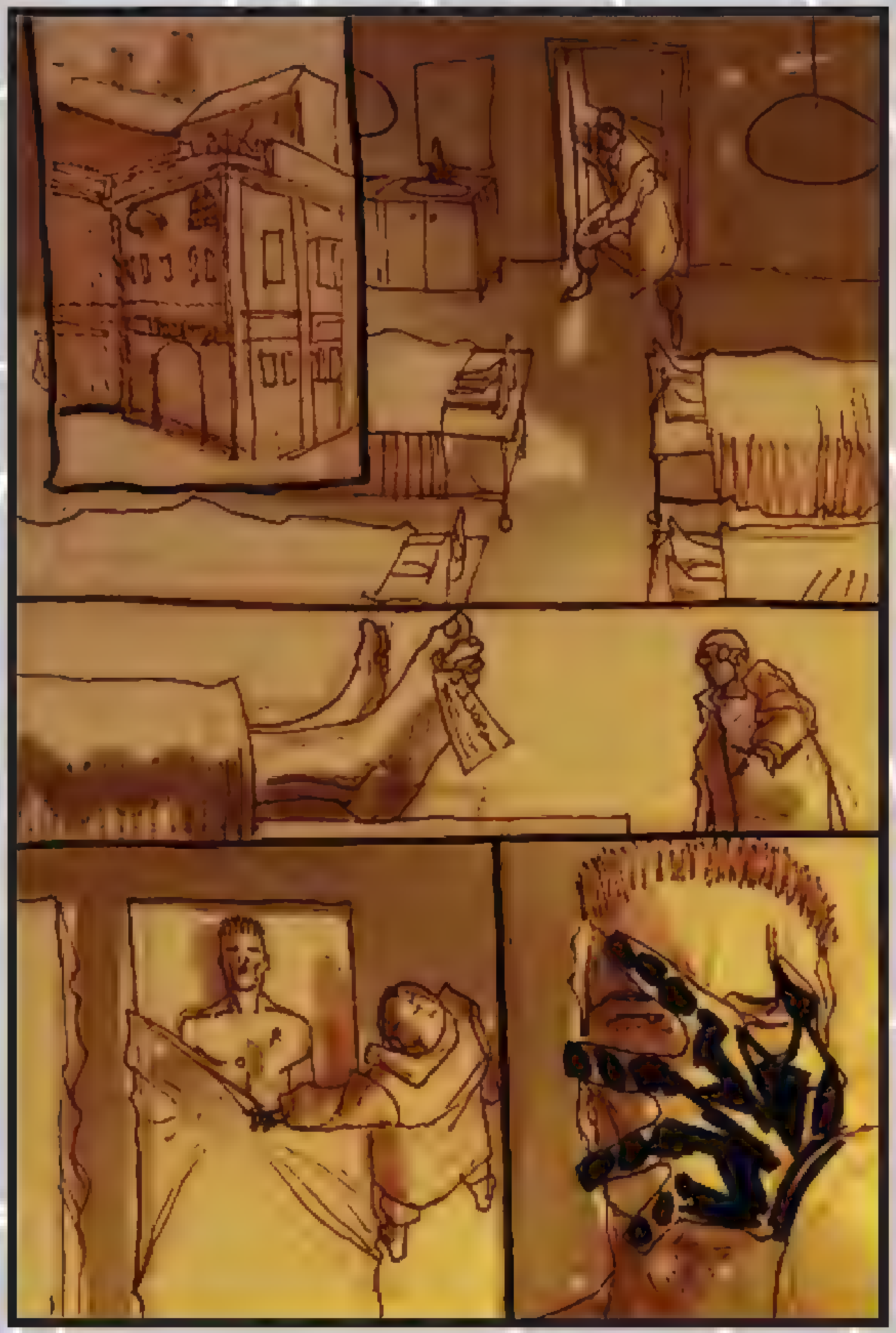
"Even in these very early, very rough layouts, Carmine Di Giandomenico's art communicates tremendous animation – action moves fluidly, locations are atmospheric and the characters' faces convey expressiveness and emotion. It's art full of life."

– ALEJANDRO ARBONA, EDITOR

ISSUE #3, PAGE 2



ISSUE #3, PAGE 19



ISSUE #3, PAGE 20

ISSUE #4, PAGE 3

SPIDER-MAN NOIR PAGE LAYOUTS BY **CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO**

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #4,
PAGE 13 LAYOUT BY
CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #2
COVER SKETCH BY
PATCH ZIRCHER

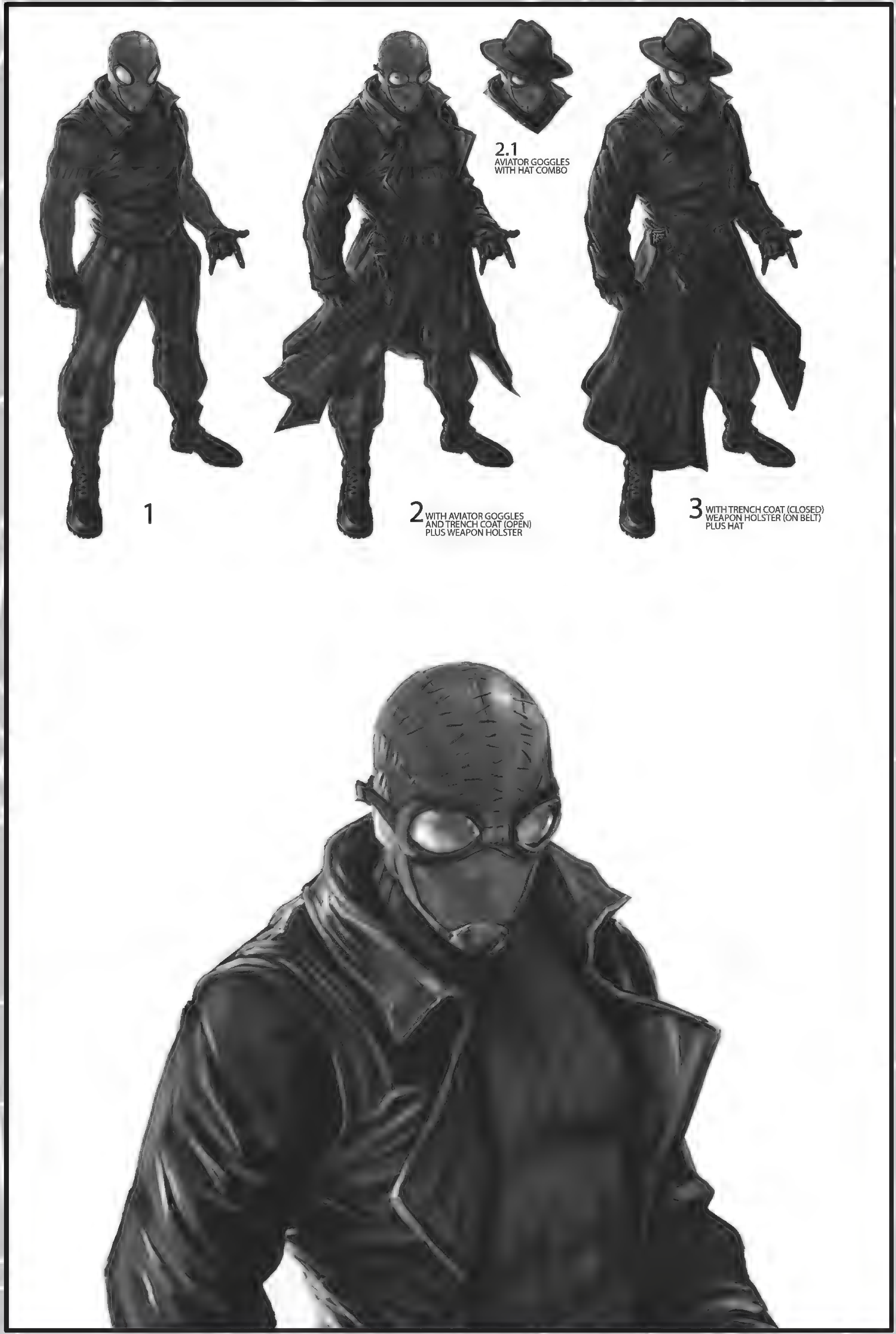
SPIDER-MAN NOIR #3
VARIANT COVER SKETCH BY
DENNIS CALERO

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #4
COVER SKETCH BY
PATCH ZIRCHER

SPIDER-MAN NOIR #4 VARIANT COVER SKETCHES BY **DENNIS CALERO**

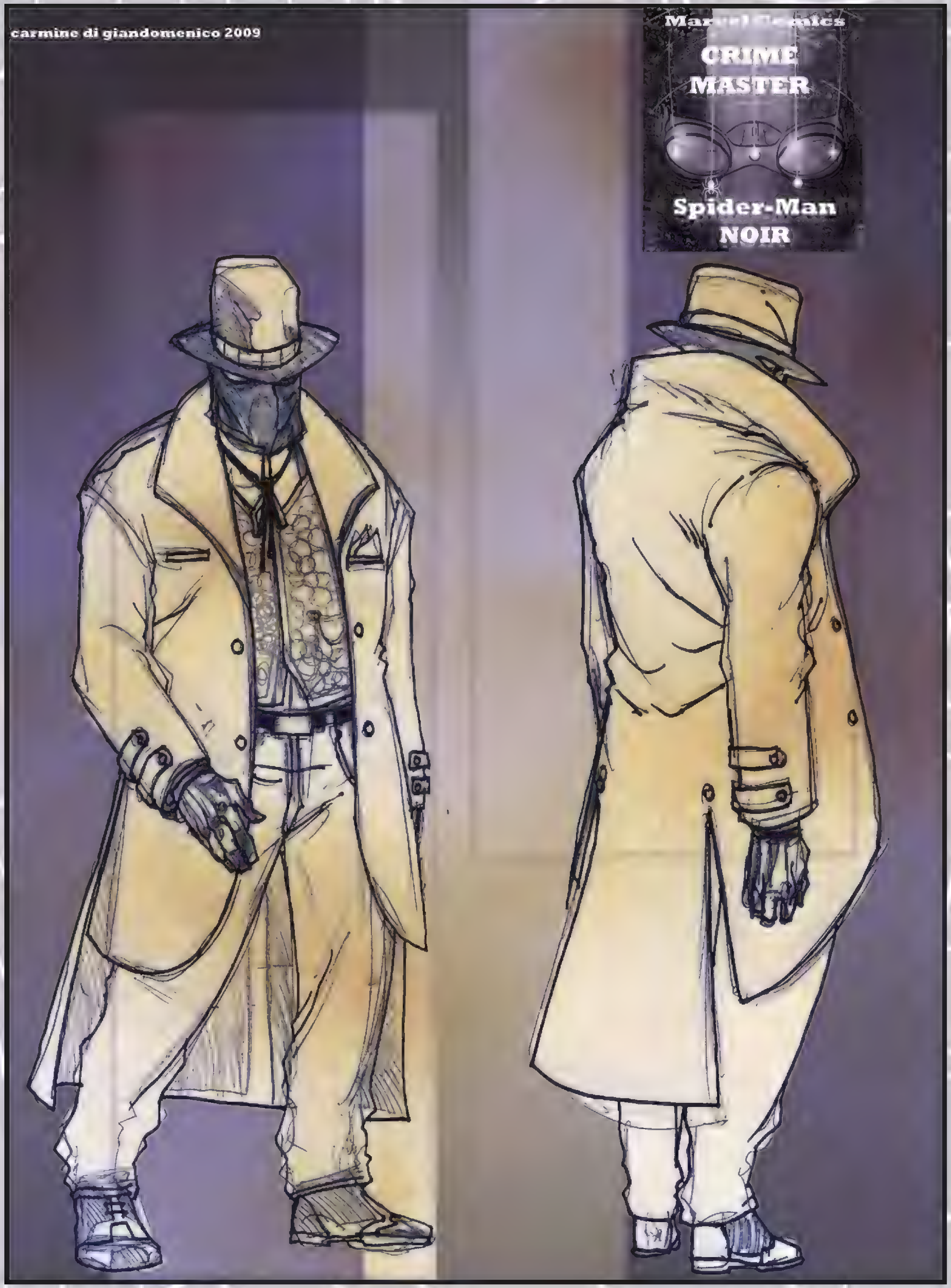
***SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE* #1-4** COVER INKS BY **PATCH ZIRCHER**

***SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE* #1** VARIANT COVER OPTIONS BY **DENNIS CALERO**



CHARACTER DESIGNS BY **MARKO DJURDJEVIC**

CHARACTER DESIGNS BY **CARMINE DI GIANDOMENICO**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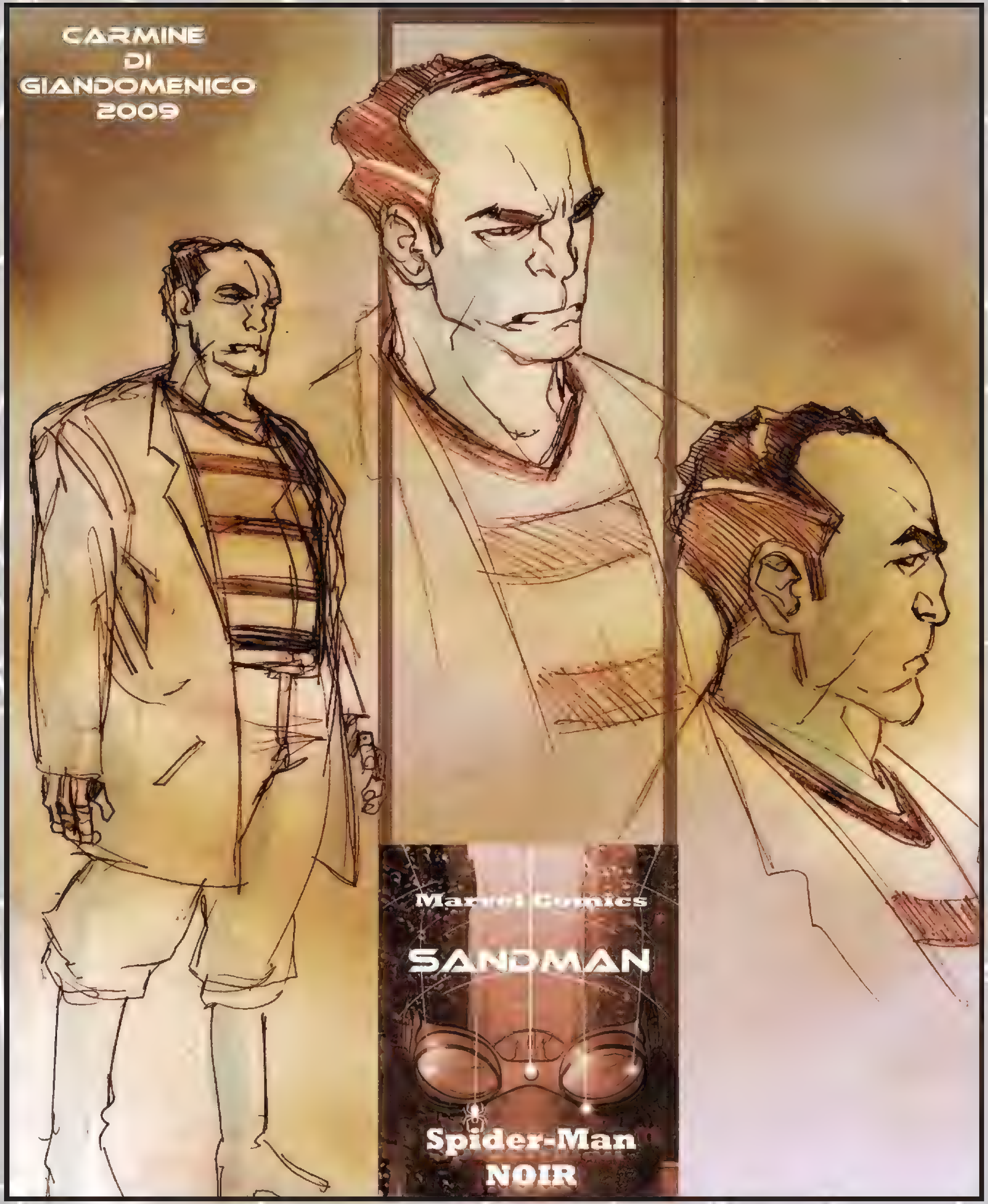
Marvel Comics
CRIME
MASTER
Spider-Man
NOIR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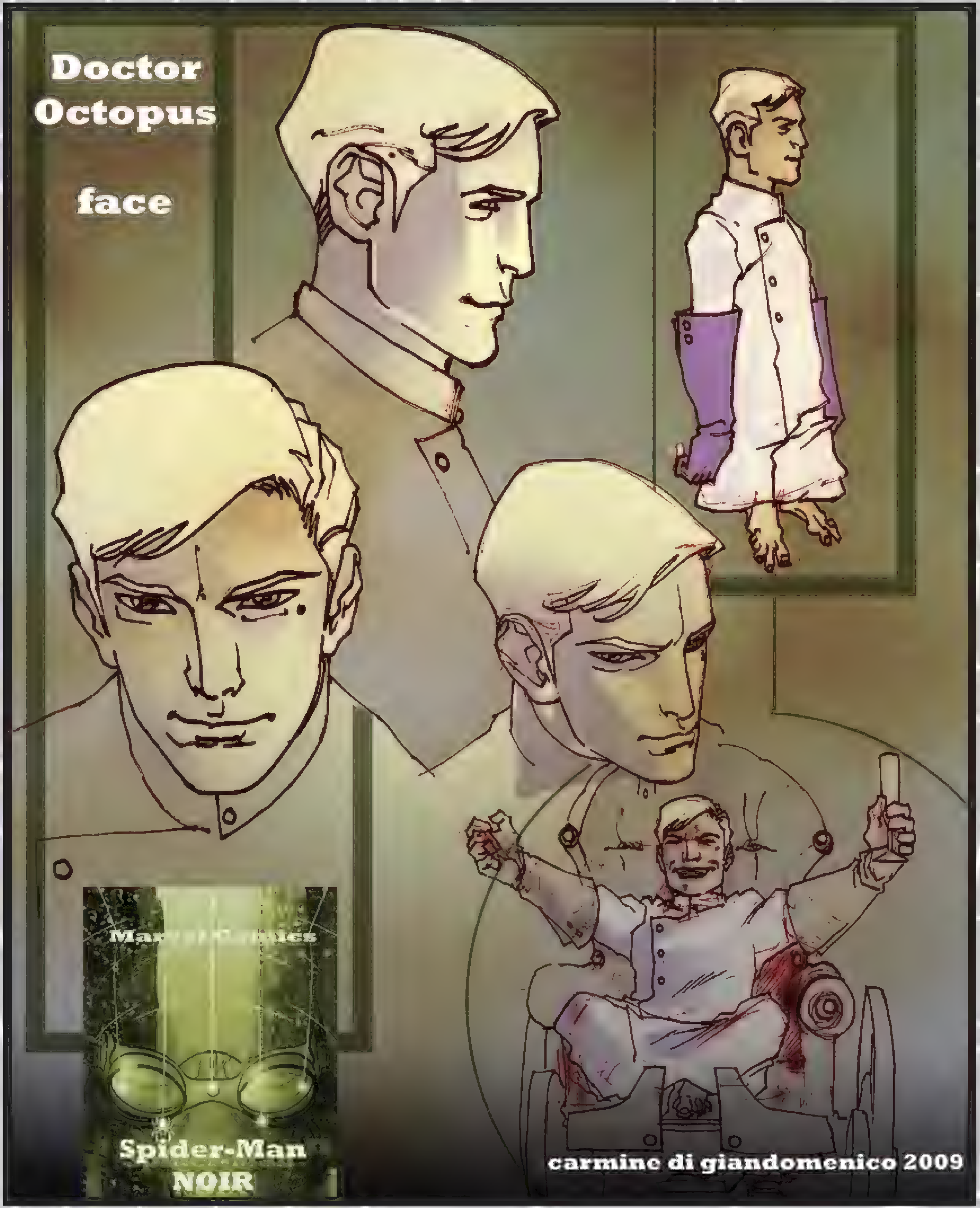

SPIDER-MAN NOIR: EYES WITHOUT A FACE
ISSUE #1 SCRIPT EXCERPT
DAVID HINE WITH FABRICE SAPOLSKY

Background Notes:
Carmine, to fill you in on where we are at with this new series… Several months have passed since the end of Series 1. FDR is in the White House and the mood of the country has improved, but not much. The Depression didn't end overnight. Things were tough for the rest of the decade and for some, they got a lot worse before they got better. We'll be covering the race issue, for instance. Blacks suffered disproportionately during the Depression. That's something we'll touch on when we introduce Robbie Robertson, and racism will be a key theme to this series, as we see Doctor Octavius using kidnapped black civilians for his experiments.

Before that, we'll be seeing what has happened to the crime scene since the demise of the Goblin. In the opening scene, we'll introduce the new kingpin of crime, appropriately named Crime Master. This is a character who originally appeared in the Lee/Ditko run on Spider-Man back in the sixties. Of all the Marvel characters, this one is the most appropriate to a noir series. We really don't need to change the visual much from that first Ditko depiction. (Full description is in the script.)

Jean De Wolfe is head of the push by the Bureau of Investigation to deal with gangsterism and corruption in New York. The United States Bureau of Investigation would later become the FBI (in 1935). De Wolfe is hampered by his own strict adherence to the rule of law.

Peter Parker is once again working as a reporter and photographer for *The Daily Bugle* while continuing to fight crime by night as the Spider-Man. Felicia Hardy is still running the Black Cat night club. Although FDR was opposed to Prohibition, the anti-alcohol laws were in force until December of 1933, so her club is still selling bootleg booze throughout this series.

Felicia has gone back to her neutral status and won't be feeding info on her clients to Spider-Man, although she and Peter Parker still have a mutual attraction. Later, at a pivotal point in the plot, she will change her mind and play a key part in the downfall of the Crime Master.

PAGE 1

Panel 1
Night. Exterior. The offices of the Bureau of Investigation. This is an office building in central Manhattan. There are a few steps up to double doors. The upper half of the doors is glass. Light from inside tells us the office is open. The Bureau never sleeps. A discreet brass plaque on the wall beside the entrance: "United States Bureau of Investigation." (writing doesn't have to be visible in this panel)

A car is driving past at high speed and without slowing, a body is pushed out of it.

A plainclothes agent about to enter the building turns in surprise as the body comes flying out of the car.

Caption: SEPTEMBER 1933. AROUND MIDNIGHT. THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

Panel 2
Looking down onto the body of the Squealer. He's on his back, eyes staring sightlessly. His mouth is stuffed with bloodstained bank notes. A piece of paper is pinned to the front of his shirt. It reads: "SQUEALER."

[NO COPY]

Panel 3
A shot of the body on the sidewalk with half a dozen agents standing around it. The doors to the building are open and the body is lying in the rectangle of light that spills from the doorway. This is a few minutes later, after the agents inside the building have been alerted, including Jean De Wolfe. The agents are wearing jackets and hats, except De Wolfe. He has obviously hurried out from his office and is hatless and jacketless. He is wearing a shoulder holster. In the holster he carries his Smith and Wesson model 32 revolver.

[**Agent Jean De Wolfe**: Mid-thirties. Dark brown hair. He's tall, athletic build. His features communicate that he is a

man of integrity. Honest, tough and a little world-weary.]

De Wolfe is standing beside the body, looking down at it with an unreadable expression. Another agent is kneeling beside the body, pulling the bank notes out of the Squealer's mouth, reacting when he sees the tongue is missing. (Place the kneeling agent to the left of the panel and De Wolfe to the right.)

Kneeling agent: OH, JEEZ! HIS TONGUE'S GONE.

De Wolfe: COUNT THE MONEY.

Panel 4
Low point of view. In the foreground the kneeling agent has finished counting the money and looks up at De Wolfe.

De Wolfe: TWO HUNDRED IN TENS AND TWENTIES, RIGHT?

Kneeling agent: ON THE NOSE.

(linked balloon): HOW DID YOU KNOW?

Panel 5
Zoom to close-up of De Wolfe.

De Wolfe: IT'S WHAT I PAID HIM.

PAGES 2 - 3

[Carmine: If you prefer, you can make pages 2–3 a double-page spread. Your call.]

Panel 1
Spider-Man is standing on a rooftop, opposite, looking down into the street, where the agents are gathered around the body of the Squealer.

Caption (Spider-Man): EIGHT MONTHS AGO, I TOOK DOWN THE GOBLIN AND IT LEFT A POWER VACUUM. NOW THERE'S A NEW BOSS IN TOWN.

Caption (Spider-Man): DUMPING A BODY ON THE STEPS OF THE BUREAU'S OFFICE TAKES SOME MOXIE. HE'S TELLING THE PLAYERS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW THAT HE'S UNTOUCHABLE.

Panel 2
Spidey head-and-shoulders.

Caption (Spider-Man): IT'S TIME SOMEBODY PROVED HIM WRONG.

Panel 3
Cut to a warehouse district in Brooklyn. A lorry is driving into a warehouse. Two gangsters armed with tommy guns are in the street, keeping a watchful eye around them. Clearly this is a lorryload of contraband. They haven't spotted Spider-Man crouching above them on a ledge. One of the gangsters is powerfully built, the other a thin, twitchy guy with a thin moustache.

Locator: BROOKLYN. THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT: 2 AM.

Panel 4
The two gangsters whirl around, looking up at Spider-Man as he drops toward them, his coat spreading out like a cape. The gangsters are trying to bring their tommy guns up to fire, but they aren't going to be fast enough.

Panel 5
Spider-Man, still in mid-air, connects with the gangsters, kicking one in the jaw, knocking him violently backwards, and punching the other. Both are firing their tommyguns but the shots are wide of their mark.

SFX: BRRAT-A-BRRAT-A-BRRAT

Panel 6
Low point of view. The heavy-set gangster is lying unconscious on the ground, still clutching his smoking tommy gun. The twitchy one has dropped his weapon and is half sitting, backed up against a wall. All we see of Spider-Man is his lower legs and the bottom of his leather coat. He's standing in front of the twitchy gangster who is staring up at him in terror. Spider-Man's shadow is cast over the petrified gangster.
Spider-Man (off): I HAVE A QUESTION.

Panel 7
Reverse POV, looking toward Spider-Man. Another gangster is emerging stealthily from the warehouse. He has a handgun leveled at Spider-Man's head. Spidey gives no indication that he is aware of him.
Spider-Man: **WHO IS HE?**

Panel 8
His spider-sense is tingling. Without turning his head, Spidey fires a burst of webbing back over his shoulder that wraps around the gangster's upper body and gun hand.

SFX:THWIP

PAGE 4

Panel 1
Spidey takes a moment to punch out the gangster behind him. He knocks him out with an almost casual blow.

Gangster: UNNF

Panel 2
Spidey turns his attention back to the twitchy gangster, hauling him up by his jacket.

Spider-Man: **WHO IS THE CRIME MASTER?!**

Twitchy: NUH-NOBODY KNOWS.

(linked balloon): HE--HE WEARS A MASK.

Panel 3

Spider-Man: WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

Twitchy: DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE **DOES** TO STOOL PIGEONS?

Panel 4
Spider-Man draws back his fist, preparing to deliver a killer blow. The gangster is crapping himself, but he's even more scared of the Crime Master.

Spider-Man: I'VE SEEN WHAT HE DOES. THING IS…

Panel 5
Spider-Man hits the wall beside the gangster's head with a pile driver punch that smashes deep into the wall. The gangster flinches away as the splinters of brick fly like shrapnel.

SFX: WHAM!

Panel 6
Extreme close-up of Spider-Man. We can see the terrified face of the gangster, reflected in each of the glass lenses of Spider-Man's goggles.

Spider-Man: …HE ISN'T HERE.

(linked balloon): I **AM.**

PAGE 5

Panel 1

Cut to: interior. An office. There's a Venetian blind on the window and a couple of filing cabinets against one wall. Crime Master is seated behind a desk with a telephone and a lamp on it and nothing else. The lighting should be contrived so that Crime Master's face is in the shadow in this shot.

Donato Moretti is entering the room with one of his goons.

Standing beside the door is the Sandman.

The Sandman: Unlike most of the gangsters, The Sandman wears a brown leather jacket over the trademark Sandman striped green sweater. He is tall and built like a circus strongman. He has the broken nose of a fighter. He's pug ugly and his eyes are empty of emotion. He's a killing machine.

Crime Master: See the reference images for Crime Master from the original appearance in Spider-Man #26. I don't think we need to make many changes except to make the suit double-breasted with wider shoulders, so it looks more like the style of the 1930s. He wears the plain black mask that hides everything but his eyes, and black leather gloves. There is a silk handkerchief in his breast pocket.

Donato Moretti: We saw this gangster in the first series: Part 3, Page 13 – the pudgy, effeminate guy in the white fur-trimmed coat. It's early autumn and the evenings are still warm, so he isn't wearing the overcoat. His suit and hat are all white. He has a red tie with diamond-studded tie pin.

Caption: FOUR HOURS AGO.

Crime Master: DONATO MORETTI. THANK YOU FOR COMING.

Moretti: MAKE IT SNAPPY. I HAVE PLACES TO GO.

Panel 2
Mid-shot of the Crime Master as he leans forward into the light. Moretti, standing in front of the desk, laughs quietly to himself.

Crime Master: ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE **SNAPPY** VERSION.

(linked balloon): I TAKE THIRTY PERCENT OF YOUR RECEIPTS, OFF THE TOP. IN RETURN I GUARANTEE YOUR TURF. NO COMPETITION. NO INTERFERENCE FROM--

Moretti: HEH, HEH.
Panel 3
The Crime Master's hand, on the desk, has curled into a fist.

Crime Master: ARE YOU **LAUGHING** AT ME?

Moretti: YOU CALL ME HERE. YOU **SUMMON** ME…

(linked balloon): I CAME HERE, OUT OF CURIOSITY. I WANTED TO SEE WHAT KIND OF **TWO-BIT PUNK** HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A **MASK.**

Panel 4
Moretti leans across the table, glaring into the Crime Master's face.

Moretti: EVEN THE GOBLIN NEVER TOOK THIRTY PERCENT, AND THE GOBLIN WAS A **MAN.** HE COMMANDED RESPECT. WE **GAVE** HIM RESPECT. YOU…

(linked balloon): **THIS** IS WHAT I GIVE YOU…

Panel 5
He spits in Crime Master's face.

SFX: P-TOOO

Panel 6
Silent shot of the phlegm running down his mask.

[NO COPY]

PAGE 6

Panel 1
Low angle, from behind Moretti's goon as Moretti turns away from the Crime Master, who is calmly taking the handkerchief from his breast pocket. All we're seeing of the goon, in the foreground, a close-up of his lower arm and his hand, which is clutching desperately at the air (we'll see why in the next panel).

Moretti: OKAY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

(linked balloon): TONY?

Panel 2
Sandman is gripping Tony's head between his two hands. Sandman's expression is impassive as he begins to squeeze. Tony's eyes are almost popping out of his head, the sides of his face distorting as the hands begin to exert incredible pressure.

Tony: NNUUUUNNGGH

Panel 3
Crime Master is wiping the saliva from his mask with the silk handkerchief.

Crime Master: DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM THE SANDMAN?

Panel 4
Sandman increases the pressure, beginning to crush Tony's head. His expression barely changes as he whispers in Tony's ear.

Sandman: SWEET DREAMS, TONY.

Tony: KKK-UUKKK

Panel 5
Zoom on Sandman's face, eyes staring right at us, grimacing a little with the effort as he crushes Tony's head. SFX of the skull being crushed off panel.

SFX: CRUNCH

PAGE 7

Panel 1
Cut to: Exterior. Night. Spider-Man standing in a deserted street, in front of an abandoned theatre. The theatre sign is broken and the door and windows are boarded up. There's a poster pasted onto the front door: "Closed for Renovation."

Locator: THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE. 3 AM.

Caption (Spider-Man): LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE IS CLOSED FOR BUSINESS.

Panel 2
An alley beside the theatre. Spidey is firing his web at a fire escape with the intention of pulling himself up to enter the theatre through the window (the ladder is raised so it's not accessible. We're also having Spidey leave his webbing at the crime scene for Jean De Wolfe to find when he investigates the scene next issue).

Caption (Spider-Man): SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GOON GAVE UP THIS LOCATION TOO EASILY.

Panel 3
Inside the theatre. Spider-Man is silhouetted against the moonlight as he climbs through the window.

Caption (Spider-Man): NO MOVEMENT. NO SOUND. THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

Caption (Spider-Man): BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.

Caption (Spider-Man):THERE'S AN ODOUR.

Panel 4
Spider-Man is on the stage, behind the closed curtains. Some of the stage lights have been left on, enough to create mood lighting.

Caption (Spider-Man): THE LAST TIME I SMELLED IT WAS THE NIGHT UNCLE BEN DIED.

Panel 5
He is pulling the curtains aside.

Caption (Spider-Man): I KNOW WHAT IT IS…

Panel 6
Spider-Man reacts with shock as he see what is waiting on the other side of the curtain.

[NO COPY]

PAGE 8

Full-page splash. On the other side of the curtain there's an audience of corpses. There are at least a dozen dead gangsters propped up in the first four rows of seats.

The light from the stage is enough to cast some light on the bodies, but this will work best with a lot of shadow. All the bodies have been mutilated, throats cut, heads crushed. There is a lot of blood on the clothes. These guys did not die well.

Prominent is Moretti. His face is completely in shadow, but there's a lot of blood visible on his distinctive white suit. Place him in the second row so we don't see his lap yet (his face has been sliced off and left in his lap).

Caption (Spider-Man): …THE STENCH OF THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

[Titles and Credits]

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T+

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